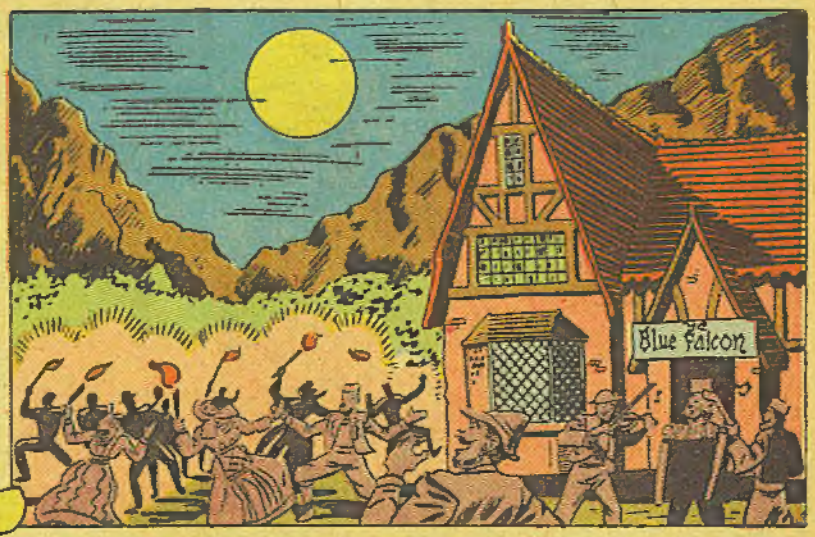
SUPERMAN
No. 86
JULY...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
Action
COMICS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AND IT ISN'T SUPERMAN WHO'S DOING THIS — IT'S THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!
7TH WAR LOAN

MISSING PAGE

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
Ye Enchanted Mountain
A Tale of Sorcery
THERE WAS AN AGE OF IGNORANCE WHEN NEARLY ALL MEN BELIEVED IN WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY, AND BY BELIEVING, GAVE POWER TO THE PRACTITIONERS OF THOSE BLACK ARTS! BUT THEY BELIEVED, LIKEWISE, IN MIGHTY CHAMPIONS WHO COULD DEFEND THEM—AND IN THIS STRANGE STORY WE FIND SUPERMAN CAST IN JUST SUCH A HEROIC ROLE! WE DON'T SAY IT EVER REALLY HAPPENED—AND WE DON'T SAY IT DIDN'T—BUT WE GUARANTEE YOU PAGES OF TINGLING THRILLS AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW BATTLES THE EVIL WIZARD OF WOKIT, ATOP—
"THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN!"

THE LITTLE TOWN OF MORABIA STILL STANDS IN THE SHADOW OF THE SHAGGY MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE, ALTHOUGH THE TIME OF THIS STORY IS IN THE PAST... AND EACH AUTUMN THE PEASANTS STILL HOLD THEIR HARVEST FESTIVAL--- ALTHOUGH NEVER SINCE HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A ONE AS THIS!



THERE IS A FREE TOAST FOR EVERYONE TO DRINK TO OUR RICHEST HARVEST IN YEARS!
FREE, DID THE LANDLORD SAY? IT MUST BE A RICH HARVEST INDEED!

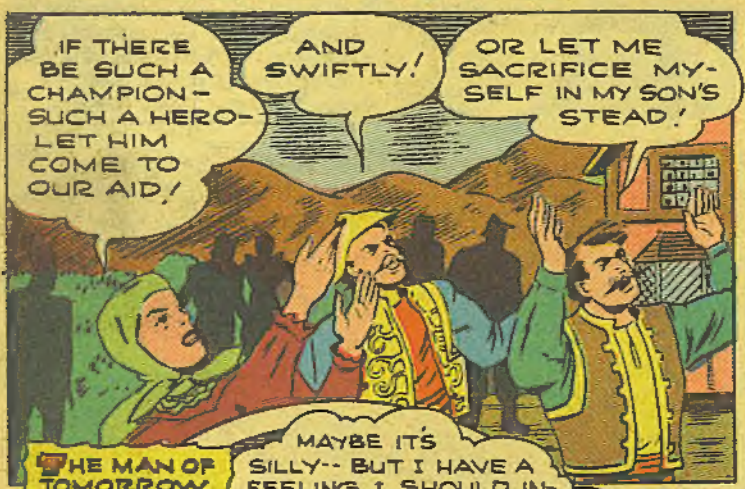
A SCENE OF GAIETY AND HAPPINESS... AND YET TRAGEDY AND HORROR ARE LURKING TO STRIKE!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE WIZARD OF WOKIT HAS COME BACK!

NO! THE WIZARD HAS BEEN GONE FROM THESE PARTS FOR YEARS!
MY FATHER TOLD ME THE FIENDS HAD CARRIED HIM OFF!
LOOK! SEE FOR YOURSELVES!
ON THE HIGHEST SCARP OF WOKIT MOUNTAIN-WHERE EARLIER THERE WAS NOTHING-- AN EERIE BLUE GLOW LIGHTS A MAGICAL CASTLE!

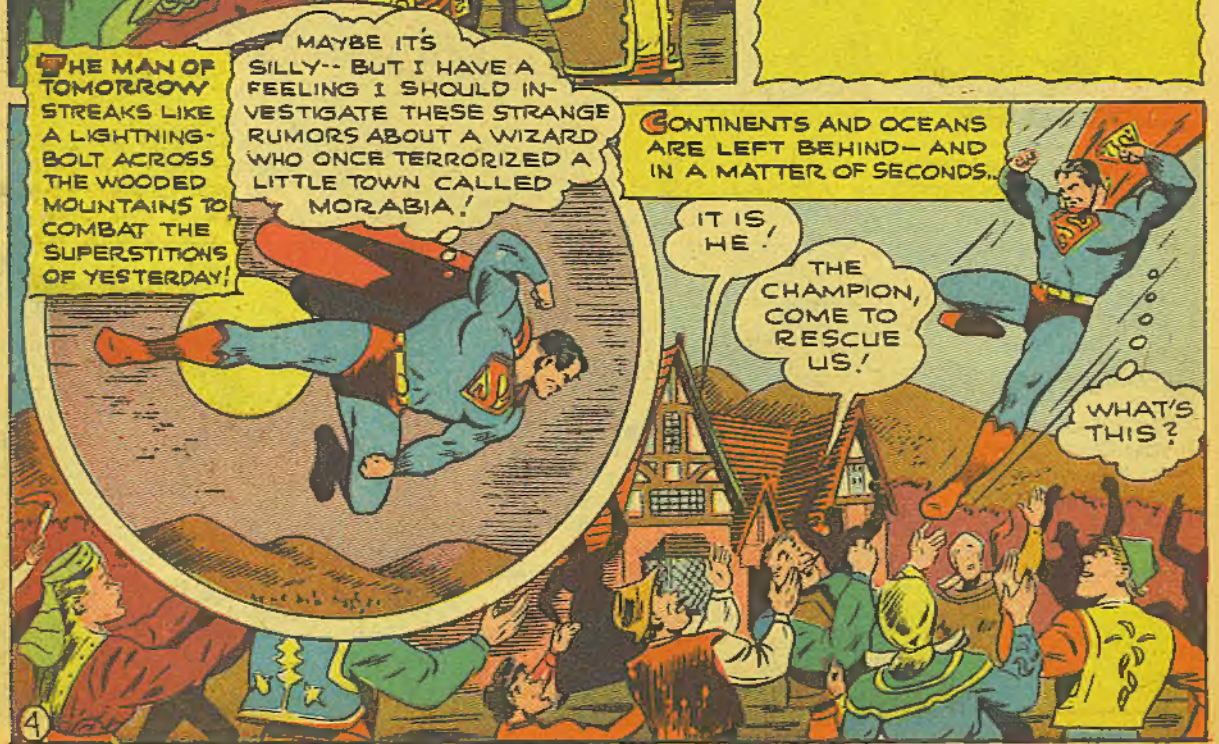
WITHIN THE "PHANTOM CASTLE"...
SO, IN MY ABSENCE, THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN MY POWERS! BUT IT WILL BE EASY TO MAKE THEM REMEMBER.
AS MAGICAL INCENSE FILLS THE ROOM, THE FRAIL FIGURE OF THE WIZARD OF WOKIT SEEMS TO FADE—AND IN ITS PLACE APPEARS A MORE DREADFUL SHAPE!
NOT FOR A GENERATION HAVE THEY SEEN THE DARK BIRD—BUT THEY SHALL QUAKE WITH FEAR—AND OFFER ME WHATEVER TREASURES THEY MAY POSSESS!
AND OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE—SO LATELY FILLED WITH JOY—FALLS THE SHADOW OF DARK AND FEARFUL WINGS!
IT IS AS MY FATHER TOLD ME! WHEN HE IS ANGRY, THE WIZARD TAKES THE SHAPE OF A GREAT FALCON!
A HUNTING FALCON! LET US HIDE!
IT WILL DO NO GOOD TO HIDE FROM HIM!
A SWOOP OF SWISHING FEATHERED PINIONS—AND A GREAT, DARK SHAPE GLIDES AMONG THE ERSTWHILE MERRY-MAKERS!
WHAT CAN WE DO? NOTHING!
MAMA! MAMA!
MY BOY! MY BOY!
IF ONLY I HAD A SWORD OR A GUN!
FATHER! HELP ME!
IF ONLY I COULD!
HE WILL BE CHANGED TO A STATUE ON THE WALLS OF THE BLUE CASTLE—AND WHEN THE WIZARD DEPARTS, THE BOY WILL VANISH LITTERLY FROM SIGHT ALSO!
3

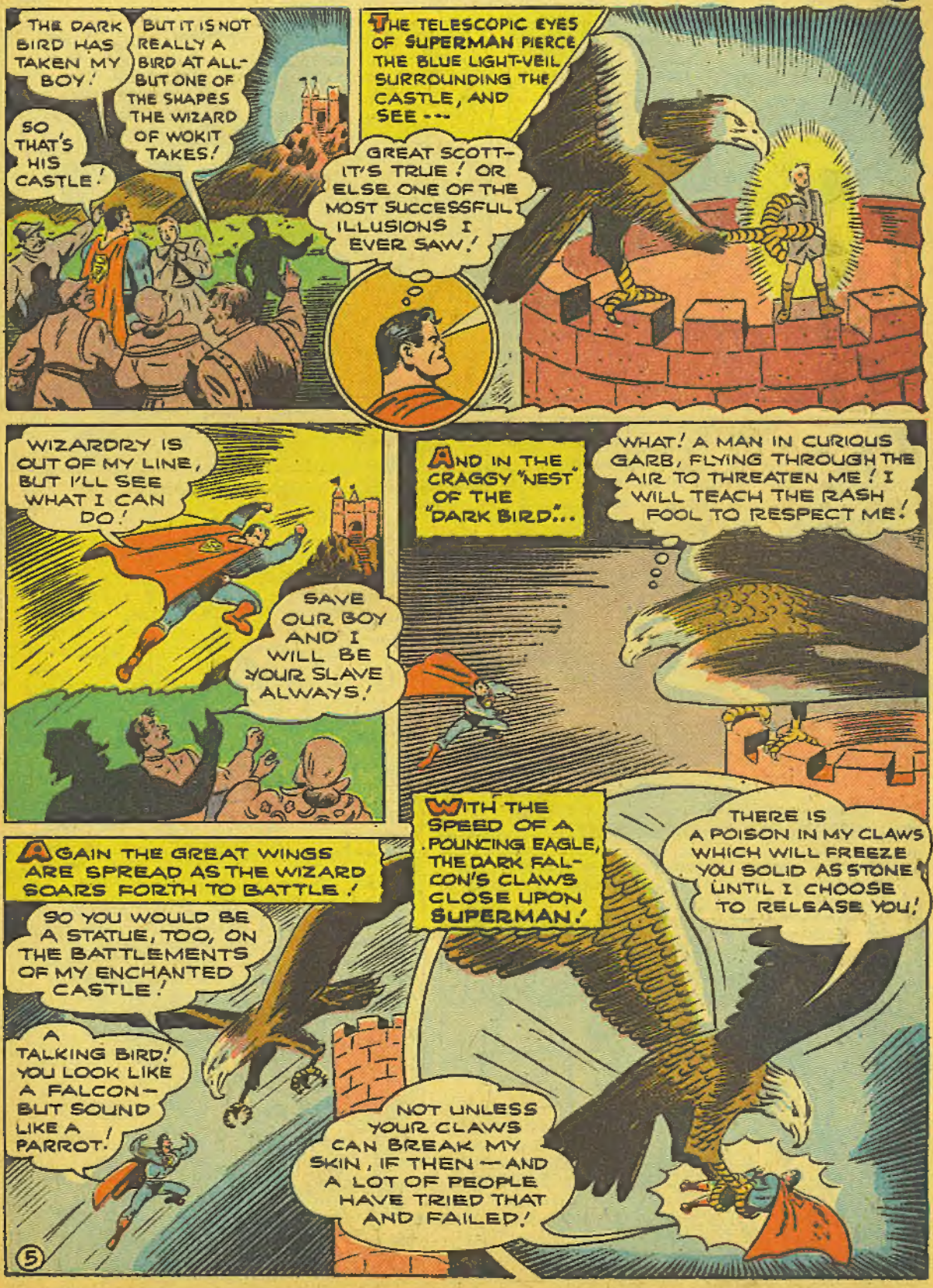
WHATEVER YOU ASK, WIZARD OF WOKIT, I WILL PAY TO HAVE MY SON BACK!
IT DOES NO GOOD TO PLEAD! WHAT WE NEED IS A CHAMPION--A SUPERMAN--WHO WILL FIGHT THE WIZARD IN OUR BEHALF!

BUT WHERE IN THE WORLD IS THERE ONE WHO CAN WITHSTAND SUCH POWERS OF EVIL?
I DO NOT KNOW— BUT SOMEWHERE THERE MUST BE SUCH A ONE!



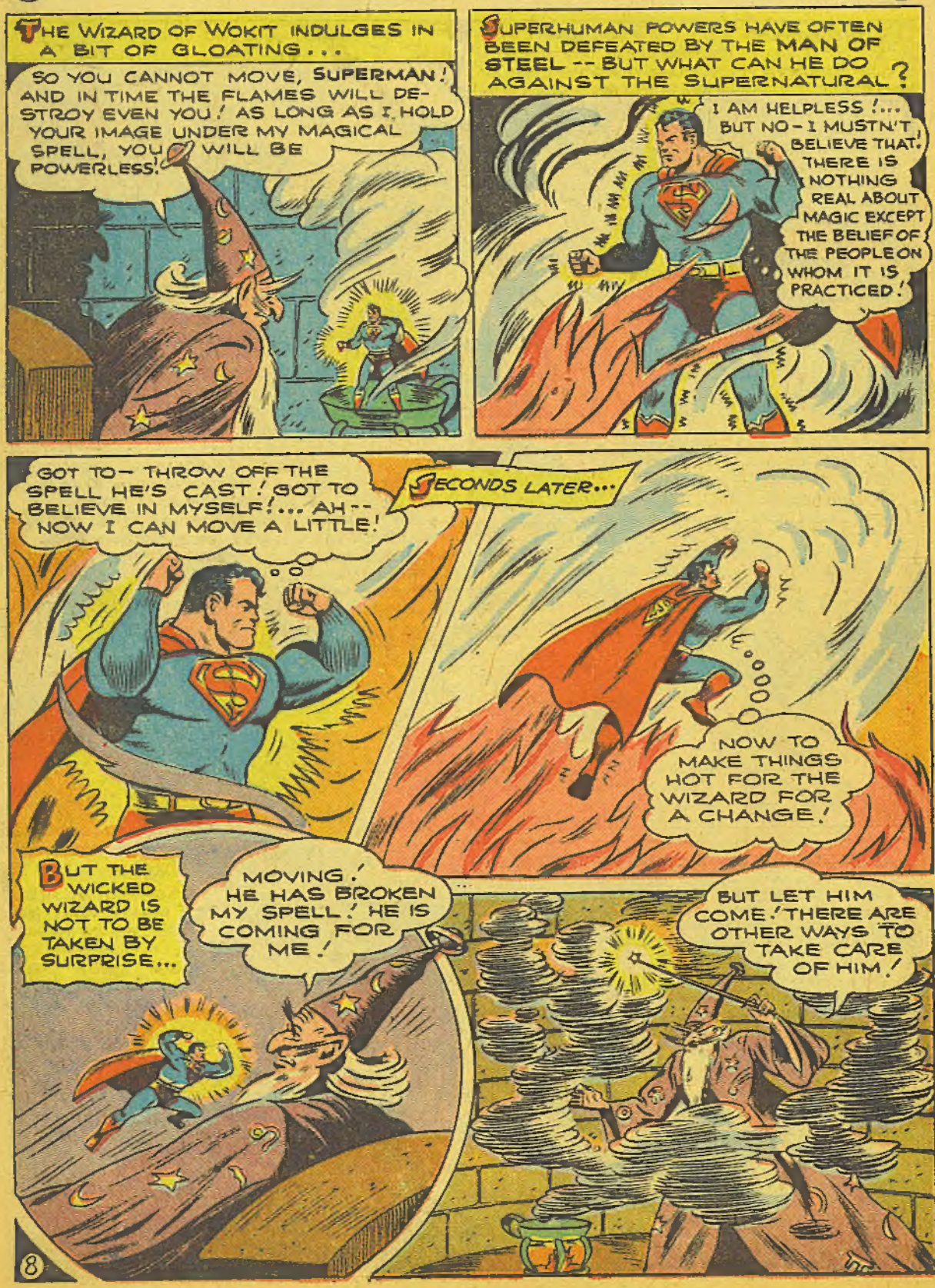
A HEARTFELT PLEA IS VOICED— AND A CRIMSON-AND-BLUE FIGURE RESPONDS! HOW DOES SUPERMAN KNOW WHAT MISFORTUNE HAS DESCENDED UPON THESE HELPLESS PEOPLE IN THEIR REMOTE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE? IT MAY BE A SIXTH SENSE OF INTUITION--OR IT MAY BE PURE HAPPENSTANCE! HOWEVER IT IS--


THE MAN OF TOMORROW STREAKS LIKE A LIGHTNING-BOLT ACROSS THE WOODED MOUNTAINS TO COMBAT THE SUPERSTITIONS OF YESTERDAY!
MAYBE IT'S SILLY-- BUT I HAVE A FEELING I SHOULD INVESTIGATE THESE STRANGE RUMORS ABOUT A WIZARD WHO ONCE TERRORIZED A LITTLE TOWN CALLED MORABIA!
CONTINENTS AND OCEANS ARE LEFT BEHIND— AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS..
IT IS, HE!
THE CHAMPION, COME TO RESCUE US!
WHAT'S THIS?

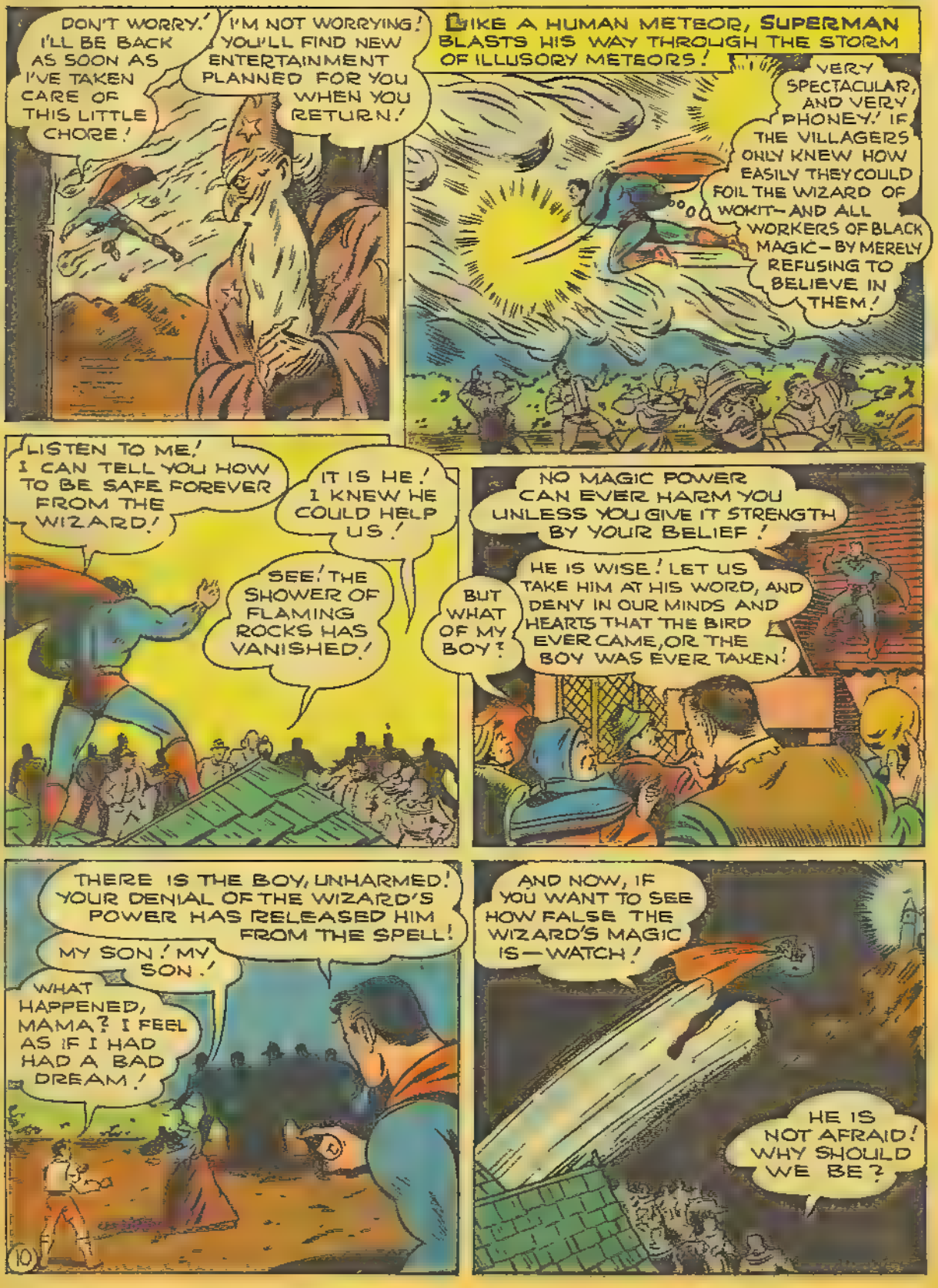

THE DARK BIRD HAS TAKEN MY BOY!
BUT IT IS NOT REALLY A BIRD AT ALL- BUT ONE OF THE SHAPES THE WIZARD OF WOKIT TAKES!
SO, THAT'S HIS CASTLE!
THE TELESCOPIC EYES OF SUPERMAN PIERCE THE BLUE LIGHT-VEIL SURROUNDING THE CASTLE, AND SEE ---
GREAT SCOTT- IT'S TRUE! OR ELSE ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ILLUSIONS I EVER SAW!
WIZARDRY IS OUT OF MY LINE, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
SAVE OUR BOY AND I WILL BE YOUR SLAVE ALWAYS!
AND IN THE CRAGGY "NEST" OF THE "DARK BIRD"...
WHAT! A MAN IN CURIOUS GARB, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR TO THREATEN ME! I WILL TEACH THE RASH FOOL TO RESPECT ME!
AGAIN THE GREAT WINGS ARE SPREAD AS THE WIZARD SOARS FORTH TO BATTLE!
WITH THE SPEED OF A POUNCING EAGLE, THE DARK FALCON'S CLAWS CLOSE UPON SUPERMAN!
THERE IS A POISON IN MY CLAWS WHICH WILL FREEZE YOU SOLID AS STONE UNTIL I CHOOSE TO RELEASE YOU!
SO YOU WOULD BE A STATUE, TOO, ON THE BATTLEMENTS OF MY ENCHANTED CASTLE!
A TALKING BIRD! YOU LOOK LIKE A FALCON— BUT SOUND LIKE A PARROT!
NOT UNLESS YOUR CLAWS CAN BREAK MY SKIN, IF THEN — AND A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE TRIED THAT AND FAILED!

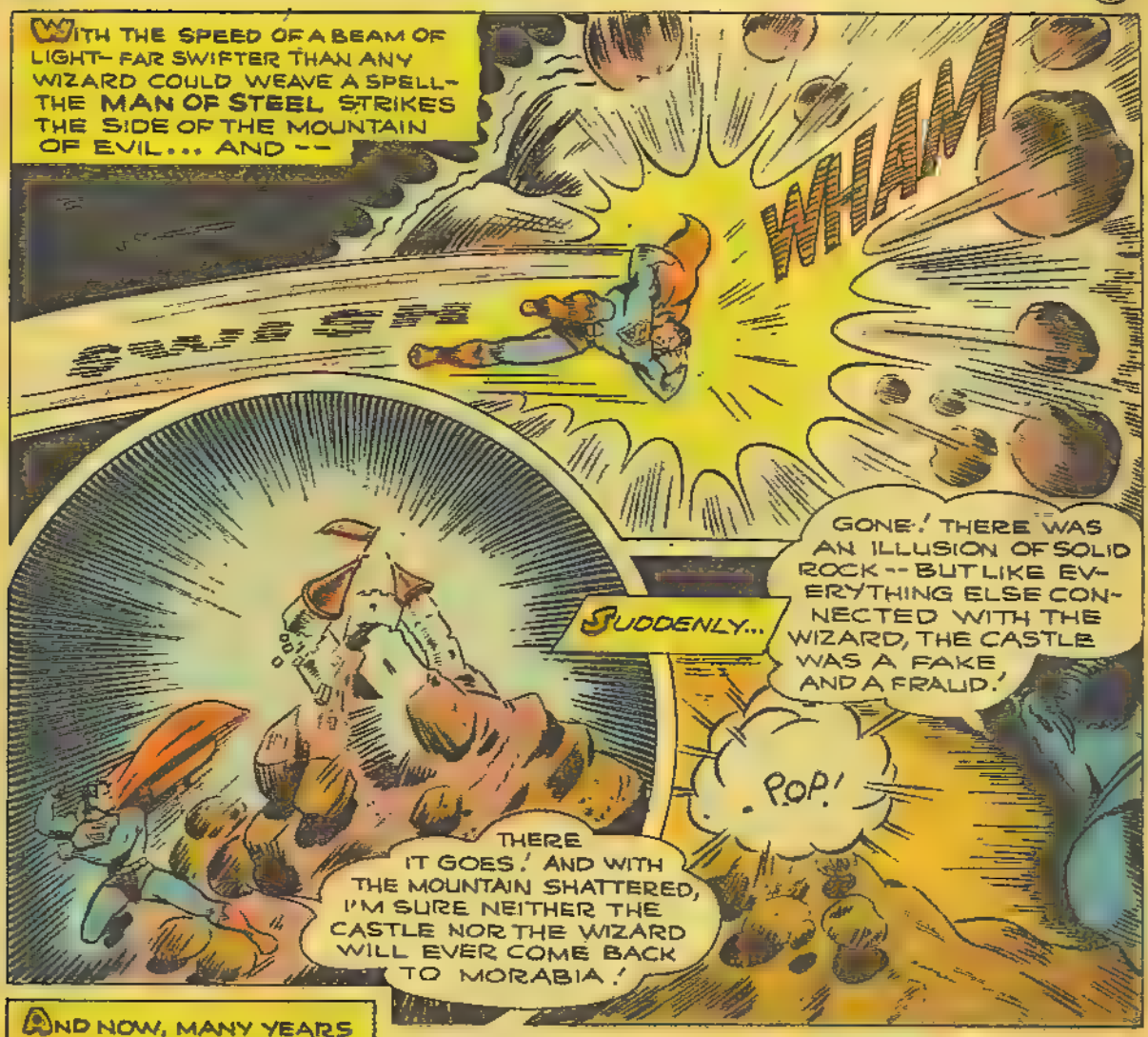
YOU HAVE A HIDE LIKE STEEL ARMOR!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I'VE BEEN CALLED THE MAN OF STEEL FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS!
NOW THAT YOU'VE TRIED DISHING IT OUT, TRY TAKING IT!
AWK!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO FASTER THAN THAT TO GET AWAY FROM ME!
BAH! WHAT IS SWIFTNESS COMPARED WITH MAGIC?
THE NEXT INSTANT...
-WHA--! IT VANISHED!
HA-HA-HA!
ONCE MORE, WITHIN HIS SANCTUM, THE WIZARD LIGHTS HIS MAGICAL INCENSE...
NO WONDER HE WAS DIFFICULT TO HANDLE! HE IS SUPERMAN, WHOSE VAST POWERS WERE PREDICTED LONG AGO!
BUT THE POWERS OF WIZARDRY ARE GREATER THAN THOSE OF STRENGTH! SUPERMAN WILL FIND QUAINT SURPRISES PLANNED FOR HIM, WHEN HE RETURNS!

SUPERMAN'S RETURN IS PROMPT AND SPECTACULAR!
IF MY X-RAY VISION ISN'T PLAYING TRICKS ON ME, THERE'S THE WIZARD HIMSELF, SITTING IN HIS CASTLE!
BUT ABRUPTLY...
A WALL OF SPIKES! MORE OF HIS BLACK MAGIC! BUT IF HE THINKS IT WILL STOP ME, HE'D BETTER THINK AGAIN!
HUH?... NO WALL HERE AT ALL!... HE'S NOT A MAGICIAN—HE'S NOTHING BUT A TRICKSTER!
A TRICKSTER, YES--BUT WITH MORE TO HIS TRICKS THAN SUPERMAN SUSPECTS! FOR AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL OF ILLUSION...
SO HE WANTS THE MOUNTAIN TO SWALLOW ME-AND IT'S FILLED WITH FIRE! BUT MAYBE, BY TAKING A CHANCE, I CAN TWIST THE TRICK ON HIM!
A TERRIFIC PLUNGE CARRIES THE CHAMPION OF THE VILLAGERS DEEP INTO AN INFERNO OF MOLTEN ROCK AND SEETHING FLAME!
IF THIS IS ANOTHER ILLUSION, IT'S A GOOD ONE! I CAN'T REMEMBER EVER HAVING BEEN WARMER!
AND THEN...
WHAT'S THIS? I CAN'T MOVE! I--I SEEM TO HAVE LOST ALL MY STRENGTH!


THE WIZARD OF WOKIT INDULGES IN A BIT OF GLOATING...
SO YOU CANNOT MOVE, SUPERMAN! AND IN TIME THE FLAMES WILL DESTROY EVEN YOU! AS LONG AS I HOLD YOUR IMAGE UNDER MY MAGICAL SPELL, YOU WILL BE POWERLESS!
SUPERHUMAN POWERS HAVE OFTEN BEEN DEFEATED BY THE MAN OF STEEL -- BUT WHAT CAN HE DO AGAINST THE SUPERNATURAL?
I AM HELPLESS!... BUT NO - I MUSTN'T BELIEVE THAT! THERE IS NOTHING REAL ABOUT MAGIC EXCEPT THE BELIEF OF THE PEOPLE ON WHOM IT IS PRACTICED!
GOT TO - THROW OFF THE SPELL HE'S CAST! GOT TO BELIEVE IN MYSELF!... AH -- NOW I CAN MOVE A LITTLE!
SECONDS LATER...
NOW TO MAKE THINGS HOT FOR THE WIZARD FOR A CHANGE!
BUT THE WICKED WIZARD IS NOT TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE...
MOVING! HE HAS BROKEN MY SPELL! HE IS COMING FOR ME!
BUT LET HIM COME! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

HURTLING UPWARD LIKE AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL, SUPERMAN ENTERS THE TURRET OF THE CASTLE ...
I WONDER IF HE HAS ANY MORE TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE?
NEXT MOMENT...
WHA—? SIX OF YOU? BUT ONLY ONE CAN BE REAL!
BETTER LOOK OUT THE WINDOW FIRST, SUPERMAN! YOUR FRIENDS IN THE VILLAGE SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE!
SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT, I GUESS WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
AND THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OF FINDING OUT WHICH IT IS!
POP!
POP!
POP!
POP!
WHAT APPEARS TO BE A RAIN OF METEORS HAS TURNED THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL INTO A PANICKY STAMPEDE!
HE HAS CALLED DOWN FIRE FROM THE SKY TO DESTROY US?
WHERE IS THE CHAMPION—THE SUPERMAN—WHO SAID HE WOULD SAVE US?
ANOTHER ILLUSION! THE FLAMING METEORS AREN'T SETTING FIRE TO ANY OF THE HOUSES OR SHRUBBERY!
BUT THINK HOW MANY WILL BE KILLED OR MAIMED IN THE PANIC BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY ARE REAL!

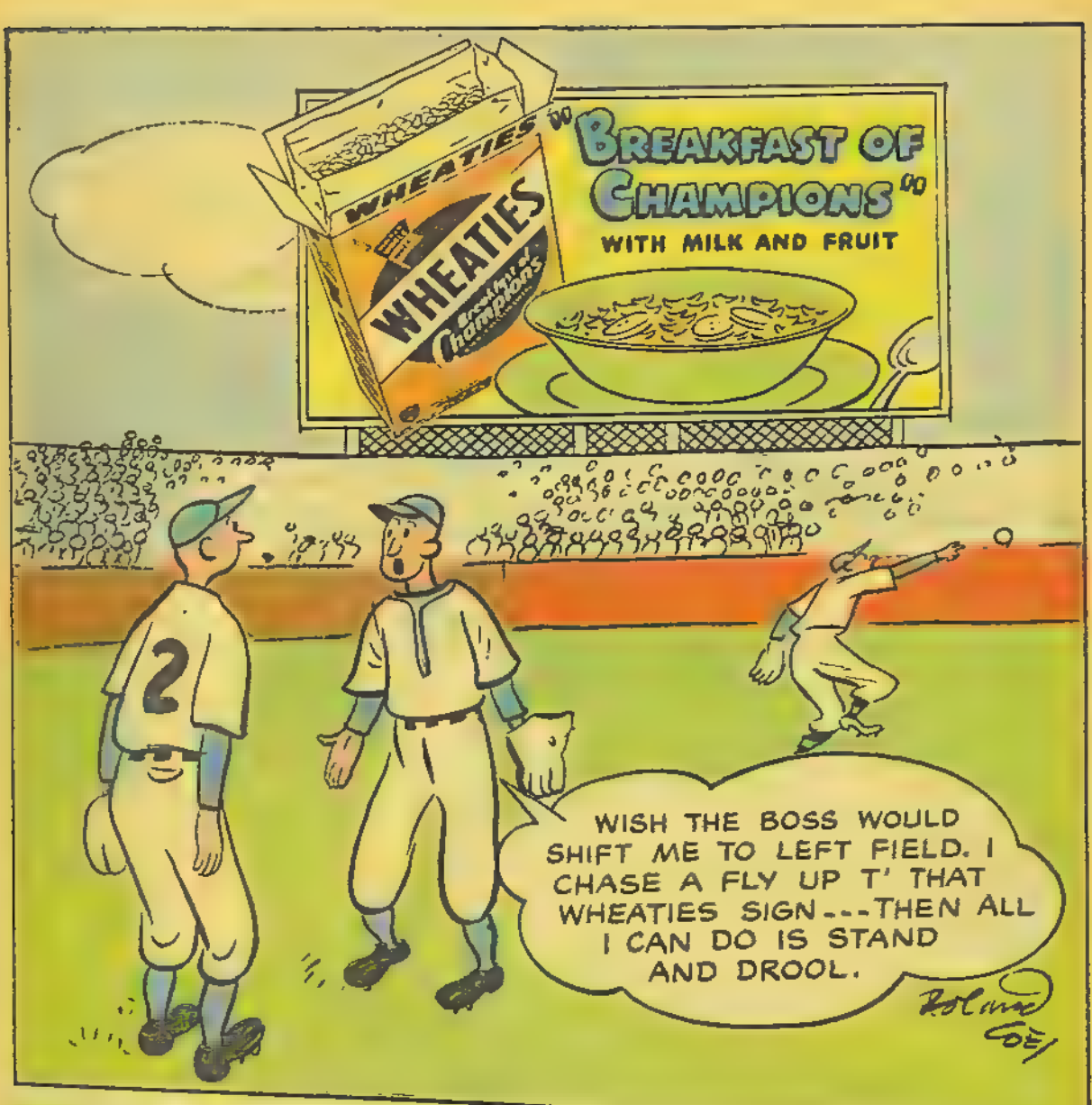

DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THIS LITTLE CHORE!
I'M NOT WORRYING! YOU'LL FIND NEW ENTERTAINMENT PLANNED FOR YOU WHEN YOU RETURN!
LIKE A HUMAN METEOR, SUPERMAN BLASTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE STORM OF ILLUSORY METEORS!
VERY SPECTACULAR, AND VERY PHONEY! IF THE VILLAGERS ONLY KNEW HOW EASILY THEY COULD FOIL THE WIZARD OF WOKIT—AND ALL WORKERS OF BLACK MAGIC—BY MERELY REFUSING TO BELIEVE IN THEM!
LISTEN TO ME! I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO BE SAFE FOREVER FROM THE WIZARD!
IT IS HE! I KNEW HE COULD HELP US!
SEE! THE SHOWER OF FLAMING ROCKS HAS VANISHED!
NO MAGIC POWER CAN EVER HARM YOU UNLESS YOU GIVE IT STRENGTH BY YOUR BELIEF!
BUT WHAT OF MY BOY?
HE IS WISE! LET US TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD, AND DENY IN OUR MINDS AND HEARTS THAT THE BIRD EVER CAME, OR THE BOY WAS EVER TAKEN!
THERE IS THE BOY, UNHARMED! YOUR DENIAL OF THE WIZARD'S POWER HAS RELEASED HIM FROM THE SPELL!
MY SON! MY SON!
WHAT HAPPENED, MAMA? I FEEL AS IF I HAD HAD A BAD DREAM!
AND NOW, IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW FALSE THE WIZARD'S MAGIC IS—WATCH!
HE IS NOT AFRAID! WHY SHOULD WE BE?
10


WITH THE SPEED OF A BEAM OF LIGHT- FAR SWIFTER THAN ANY WIZARD COULD WEAVE A SPELL- THE MAN OF STEEL STRIKES THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF EVIL... AND --
SWISH
WHAM!
SUDDENLY...
GONE! THERE WAS AN ILLUSION OF SOLID ROCK -- BUT LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE CONNECTED WITH THE WIZARD, THE CASTLE WAS A FAKE AND A FRAUD!
POP!
THERE IT GOES! AND WITH THE MOUNTAIN SHATTERED, I'M SURE NEITHER THE CASTLE NOR THE WIZARD WILL EVER COME BACK TO MORABIA!

AND NOW, MANY YEARS LATER, IN THE NEWSROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET IN METROPOLIS...
"AND NO ONE EVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WICKED WIZARD OF WOKIT, ALTHOUGH SOME WHISPERED THAT HE HAD CHANGED HIMSELF INTO A TOAD, AND COULD NEVER CHANGE BACK WITHOUT HIS MAGICAL EQUIPMENT!"
11

ISN'T IT FASCINATING? I'M GOING TO SPEND MORE TIME IN SECOND-HAND BOOK SHOPS, LOOKING FOR THESE QUAINT OLD STORIES!
IT'S INTERESTING—BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THE HERO THE STORY SPEAKS OF WAS SUPERMAN?

WHO ELSE COULD DO ALL THOSE THINGS? COULD YOU, FOR INSTANCE?
HOW DO I KNOW? I'VE NEVER TRIED!
LISTEN TO SUPERMAN ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL STATION EVERY WEEKDAY.


WHEATIES
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
2
WISH THE BOSS WOULD SHIFT ME TO LEFT FIELD. I CHASE A FLY UP T' THAT WHEATIES SIGN---THEN ALL I CAN DO IS STAND AND DROOL.
Roland Coe

REAL MOUTH WATERING GOODNESS IN WHEATIES.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN. TOASTED TO SPARKLING CRISPNESS. FLAVORED WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP -- THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE THE CHAMPION DISH RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY BIG-LEAGUE BALL PLAYERS.

CATCH ON TO A DISH THAT'S FAMOUS FOR CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT AND SWELL FLAVOR. CALL FOR A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- EVERY MORNING.

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

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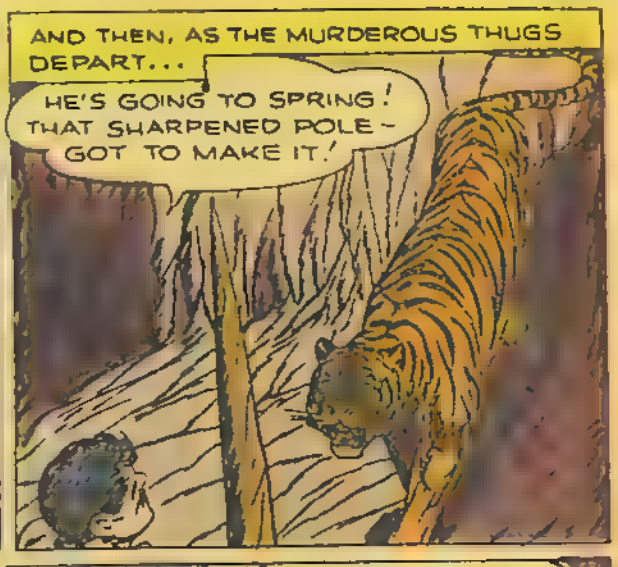
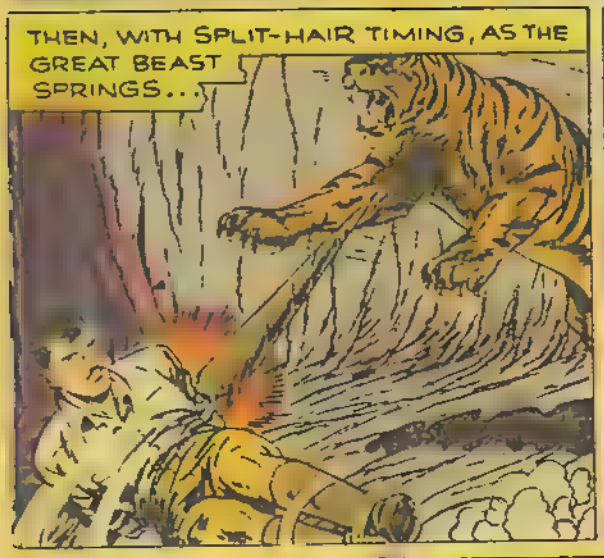
CONGO BILL
DEEP IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF INDIA LURKS AN UNSEEN PERIL! NO LIFE IS SAFE! BEHIND EVERY THICKET PROWLS AN UNSEEN MENACE... UNTIL CONGO BILL HIMSELF, CHALLENGING DEATH AND TORTURE, GRASPS THE TRUTH BEHIND THE SWIFT, TREACHEROUS BLOWS OF THE... "MYSTERY MARAUDER!"
OUT OF THE JUNGLE STEPS CONGO BILL FOR A VISIT WITH AN OLD AND VERY GOOD FRIEND...
I HAVEN'T SEEN RAJAH GUL KAHN SINCE HIS LAST TRIP TO THE STATES. WONDER HOW HE IS THESE DAYS?
WELL, WELL... CONGO BILL! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU SINCE FIDO WAS A PUP! WELCOME!
SAME OLD RAJ!— AND STILL ADDICTED TO AMERICAN SLANG, I SEE!

WELL, BILL, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A LITTLE SPORT—TIGER HUNTING, FOR INSTANCE?
FINE, RAJ, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU WENT IN FOR THAT SORT OF THING!
QUITE RIGHT, BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT! THERE'S A KILLER-TIGER AROUND HERE, AND HE'S ALREADY CLAIMED TWO VICTIMS!
IN THAT CASE, WE'D BETTER GET BUSY!
NEXT MORNING, BRIGHT AND EARLY...
WATCH YOUR STEP, CONGO BILL! THIS BABY IS SAVAGE AND CUNNING, AND THE VICTIMS OF HIS CHARGES NEVER LIVE TO TELL THE TALE!
ACCORDING TO YOUR TRACKER, HIS FOOTPRINTS ARE ENORMOUS!
JUST THEN...
QUICK... UP AHEAD! THAT WAS A HUMAN CRY!
AAHHH!!
SECONDS LATER...
TOO LATE! BUT WE DID FRIGHTEN THE BRUTE OFF, AND THE MAN'S STILL BREATHING!
YES...AND LOOK AT THOSE PRINTS, CONGO BILL!
THINK YOU CAN TRAIL THE BEAST?
NOT OVER THESE ROCKS, I CAN'T— THE PRINTS END HERE!
TELL YOU WHAT, RAJ... I'M AFRAID YOUR BEATERS AND TRAILERS WILL NEVER CORNER THIS QUARRY! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME HANDLE IT ALONE?
ANYTHING YOU SAY, BILL!

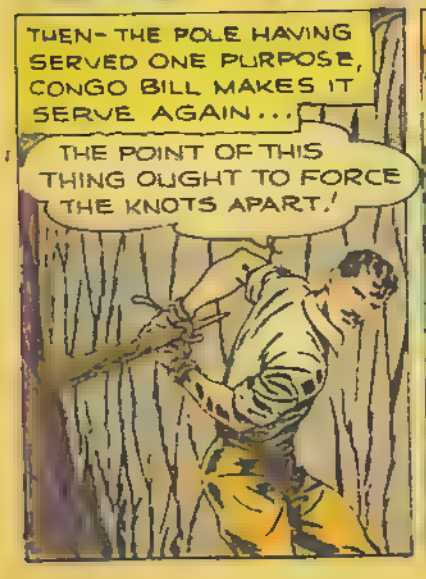
ONCE ALONE... THE RAJAH DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M NOT AFTER A TIGER AT ALL! UP ON THE ROCKS HERE, TIGER PRINTS CHANGE TO MARKS OF HOB-NAIL BOOTS!
TWO SETS OF BOOT PRINTS! AND THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING...WEARING TIGER MOLDS OVER HIS BOOTS, SOMEONE IS TRYING TO MAKE THESE ATTACKS LOOK LIKE THE WORK OF A KILLER-TIGER! BUT WHY?
SUDDENLY...!
QUICK, RANDAL—GET HIM! WE DON'T WANT NO GUN SHOTS TO BRING THE NATIVES BACK!
!!
TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!
WOW! MY SHINS!
BUT AS BILL BATTLES...
HERE'S YOUR FINISH, CONGO BILL!
AHH!
SOME MINUTES LATER...
WHERE WE TAKIN' HIM TO, RED—THE PIT?
SURE. HE'S SO FOND OF TIGER HUNTIN', I THINK WE OUGHT TO SHOW HIM A NEW ANGLE TO THE SPORT! HA, HA'

AND AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT...
IN YOU GO, BILL!
THAT CAT'S BEEN IN THIS NATIVE TRAP TWO DAYS— HE OUGHT TO HAVE A SWELL APPETITE BY NOW! HA, HA!


AND THEN, AS THE MURDEROUS THUGS DEPART...
HE'S GOING TO SPRING! THAT SHARPENED POLE— GOT TO MAKE IT!


THEN, WITH SPLIT-HAIR TIMING, AS THE GREAT BEAST SPRINGS...

IT WORKED!— THE OLD STATIONARY SPEAR TRICK!


THEN— THE POLE HAVING SERVED ONE PURPOSE, CONGO BILL MAKES IT SERVE AGAIN...
THE POINT OF THIS THING OUGHT TO FORCE THE KNOTS APART!

SWIFT MINUTES LATER...
AH!.. FREE! NOW TO SEE ABOUT RANDALL AND COMPANY!

THEY'RE TAKING NO TROUBLE TO COVER THEIR TRAIL! NATURALLY — THEY THINK I'M DEAD!

SUDDENLY, WITH THE EVER-ALERT EYES OF THE SEASONED TRACKER...
THAT GLEAMING OBJECT IN THE THICKET-LOOKS LIKE METAL!
IT IS METAL—THE CLASP OF A SAMPLE CASE FROM BORDEN, LTD., JEWELERS!
JEWELERS! THEN ONE TIGER VICTIM MUST HAVE BEEN A JEWEL MERCHANT EN ROUTE TO THE RAJAH'S! NOW I SEE WHAT RED AND HIS GANG ARE UP TO!
MEANWHILE, AS BILL PONDERS OVER HIS DISCOVERY...
WHAT A RACKET!—TWO JEWEL MERCHANTS AND ONE GOVERNMENT TAX COLLECTOR, SO FAR!
YEAH, AN' EVERYONE THINKS A TIGER DONE IT—EVERYONE BUT CONGO BILL, AN' A REAL TIGER'S GOT HIM!
A COUPLA MORE HAULS, AN' WE BEAT IT! BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS WISE!
JUST THEN...
ONE WISE GUY IS ENOUGH—WHEN HE'S CONGO BILL!
HE—HE GOT LOOSE!
HE—HE COULDN'T HAVE!
RUN! HE'LL HIT THE ARCH!
AND CONGO BILL DOES HIT THE ARCH—PURPOSELY!
AH! THREE BIRDS WITH TWO STONES!
WOW!
I OWE YOU THIS, RED, FOR YOUR BRIGHT LITTLE TIGER-PIT IDEA!
THIS ROCK WILL FINISH HIM!
5

OOOF!
I WOULDN'T BE IMPOLITE, BLAKE, AND KEEP MY BACK TO YOU!
THEN, A CURIOUS PHENOMENON...
THAT'S FUNNY—THE ROCK WENT RIGHT OUT OF SIGHT THROUGH THE GROUND! WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED?
AN ANCIENT RAJAH'S TREASURE TROVE! RAJ SAID THERE WAS AN OLD TALE CONCERNING ONE, BUT HE NEVER BELIEVED IT!
SHORTLY, ONCE RED AND HIS COMPANY ARE ABLE TO TRAVEL...
WHAT IRONY—YOU BOOBS WERE WALKING AROUND ON TOP OF A TRIPLE-FORTUNE AND YOU NEVER KNEW IT!
LATER...
YOU SURE HIT THE JACKPOT THIS TIME, CONGO BILL!—CROOKS, FAKE TIGER TRAILS, AND BURIED TREASURE. MY GRATITUDE PRACTICALLY PUTS ME IN HOCK!
IT'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS, RAJ!
6
DO Y'WANT ME TO GET REALLY MAD?!? YOU'RE FALLING DOWN ON THE JOB OF COLLECTING WASTE PAPER!
WE'LL DO BETTER FROM NOW ON---HONEST!
SURE—WE'LL LET HORACE RIDE ON TOP OF ALL THE WASTE PAPER WE COLLECT IN THE WAGON!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME—'CAUSE I KNOW WASTE PAPER IS STILL A WEAPON OF WAR!
SCRAP

GREAT NEW PRIZE in every package of PEP

LOOK! MILITARY INSIGHIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

—in keen colors!

A PRIZE BUTTON in every PEP package

22 IN COMPLETE SET

44th Fighter Squadron (ACTUAL SIZE)

25th Bombardment Squadron

27th Fighter Squadron

53rd Bombardment Squadron

96th Bombardment Squadron

17th Bombardment Squadron

99th Bombardment Squadron

70th Bombardment Squadron

Republic P-47 Thunderbolt

94th Pursuit Squadron

2nd Bombardment Squadron

34th Bombardment Squadron

41st Bombardment Squadron

Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator

Lockheed Lightning P-38

56th Bombardment Squadron

431st Bombardment Squadron

385th Bombardment Squadron

424th Bombardment Squadron

Boeing B-29 Superfortress

VB-13

VO-3

BOYS-GIRLS-Here's the latest thing out. Kids everywhere are collecting and swapping these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons — now, as prizes in packages of Kellogg's PEP.

They're *metal* buttons, in wide variety, of actual army and navy squadron and division insignia. Nothing quite like 'em to pin on your cap, sweater or jacket.

The buttons are easy as pie to get, too. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get Kellogg's PEP, open the package, and there's your prize button.

Tell her PEP's mighty good for you, too. Delicious wheat flakes packed with whole wheat's goodness — and with ADDED AMOUNTS of energy vitamin B_1 and sunshine vitamin D. Get PEP, and *your* prize button, at your grocer's, today.

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Just the thing to pin your military insignia buttons on. Two-color beanie caps made of felt. Sent to you for only 10 cents and 2 Kellogg's PEP box tops. Address Kellogg Company, Dept. 90P, Battle Creek, Michigan.

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*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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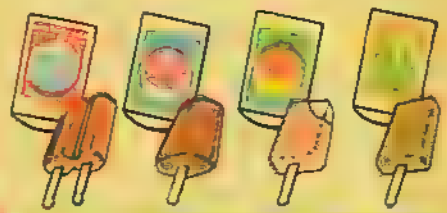

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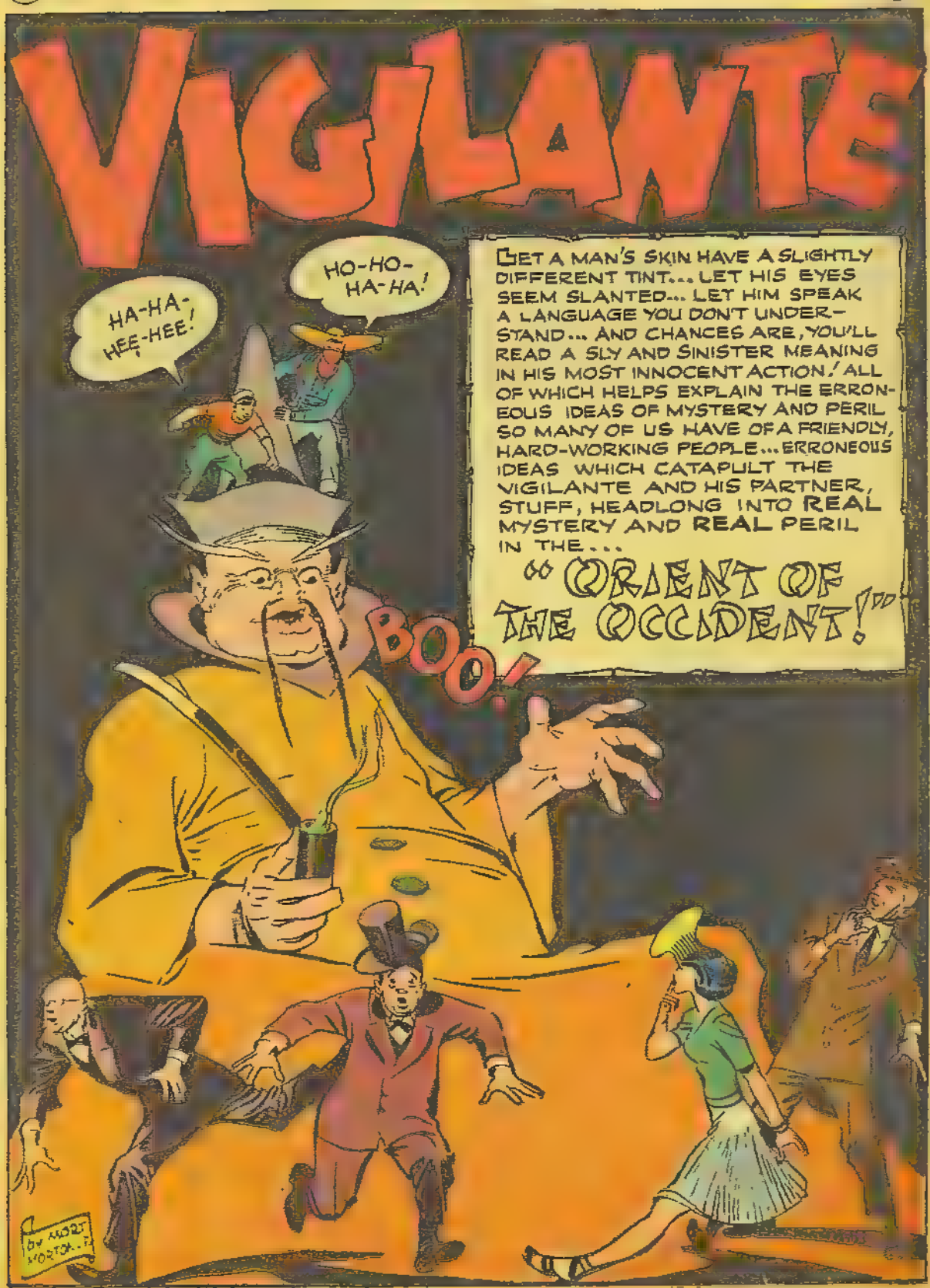
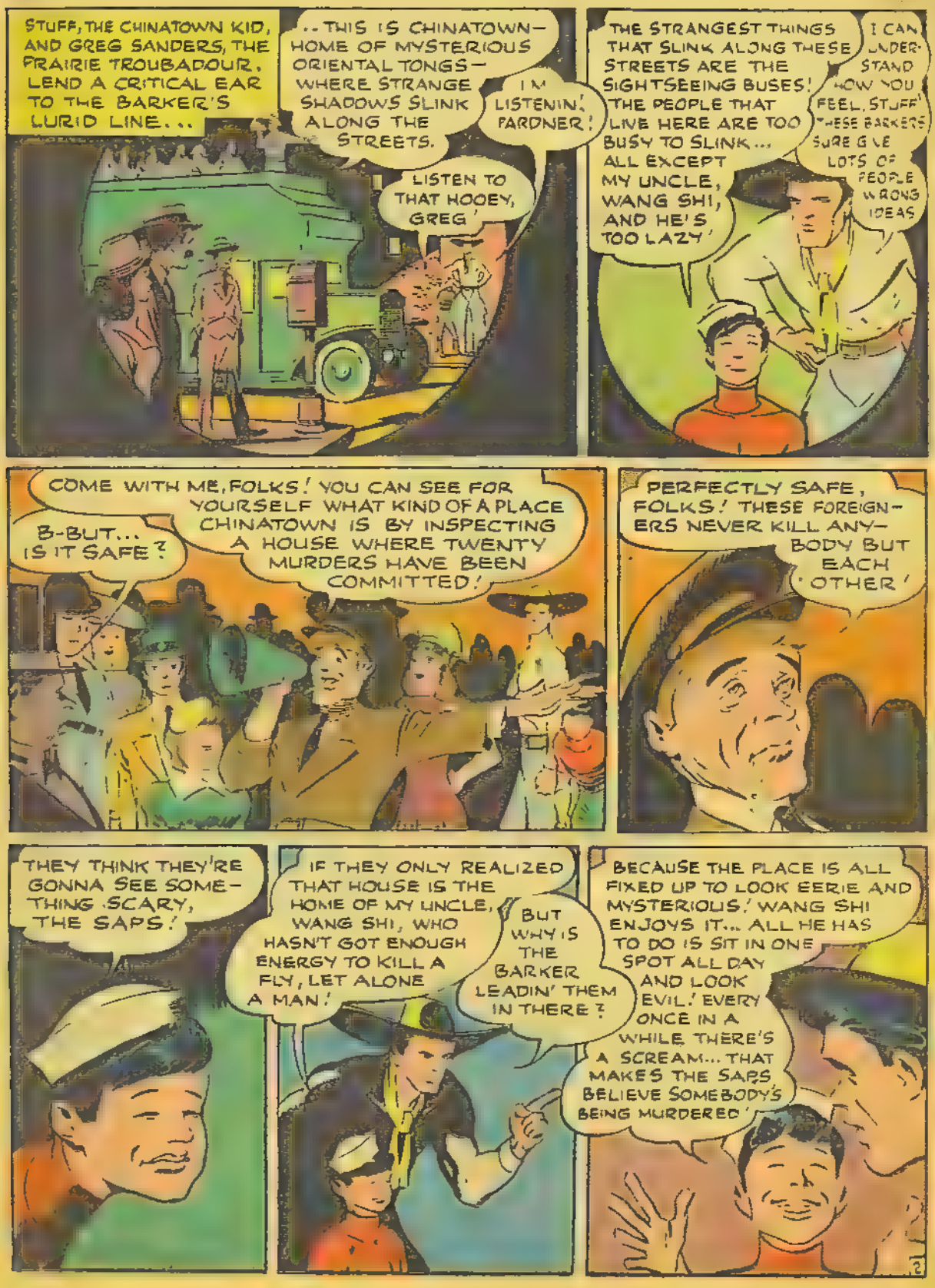

VIGILANTE
HA-HA-HEE-HEE!
HO-HO-HA-HA!
BOO!
GET A MAN'S SKIN HAVE A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT TINT... LET HIS EYES SEEM SLANTED... LET HIM SPEAK A LANGUAGE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... AND CHANCES ARE, YOU'LL READ A SLY AND SINISTER MEANING IN HIS MOST INNOCENT ACTION! ALL OF WHICH HELPS EXPLAIN THE ERRONEOUS IDEAS OF MYSTERY AND PERIL SO MANY OF US HAVE OF A FRIENDLY, HARD-WORKING PEOPLE... ERRONEOUS IDEAS WHICH CATAPULT THE VIGILANTE AND HIS PARTNER, STUFF, HEADLONG INTO REAL MYSTERY AND REAL PERIL IN THE...
"ORIENT OF THE OCCIDENT!"
BY MORT MORTON


STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, AND GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, LEND A CRITICAL EAR TO THE BARKER'S LURID LINE...
..THIS IS CHINATOWN—HOME OF MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL TONGS—WHERE STRANGE SHADOWS SLINK ALONG THE STREETS.
I'M LISTENIN', PARDNER!
LISTEN TO THAT HOOEY, GREG!
THE STRANGEST THINGS THAT SLINK ALONG THESE STREETS ARE THE SIGHTSEEING BUSES! THE PEOPLE THAT LIVE HERE ARE TOO BUSY TO SLINK... ALL EXCEPT MY UNCLE, WANG SHI, AND HE'S TOO LAZY!
I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, STUFF! THESE BARKERS SURE GIVE LOTS OF PEOPLE WRONG IDEAS
COME WITH ME, FOLKS! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT KIND OF A PLACE CHINATOWN IS BY INSPECTING A HOUSE WHERE TWENTY MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED!
B-BUT... IS IT SAFE?
PERFECTLY SAFE, FOLKS! THESE FOREIGNERS NEVER KILL ANYBODY BUT EACH OTHER!
THEY THINK THEY'RE GONNA SEE SOMETHING SCARY, THE SAPS!
IF THEY ONLY REALIZED THAT HOUSE IS THE HOME OF MY UNCLE, WANG SHI, WHO HASN'T GOT ENOUGH ENERGY TO KILL A FLY, LET ALONE A MAN!
BUT WHY IS THE BARKER LEADIN' THEM IN THERE?
BECAUSE THE PLACE IS ALL FIXED UP TO LOOK EERIE AND MYSTERIOUS! WANG SHI ENJOYS IT... ALL HE HAS TO DO IS SIT IN ONE SPOT ALL DAY AND LOOK EVIL! EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THERE'S A SCREAM... THAT MAKES THE SAPS BELIEVE SOMEBODY'S BEING MURDERED!

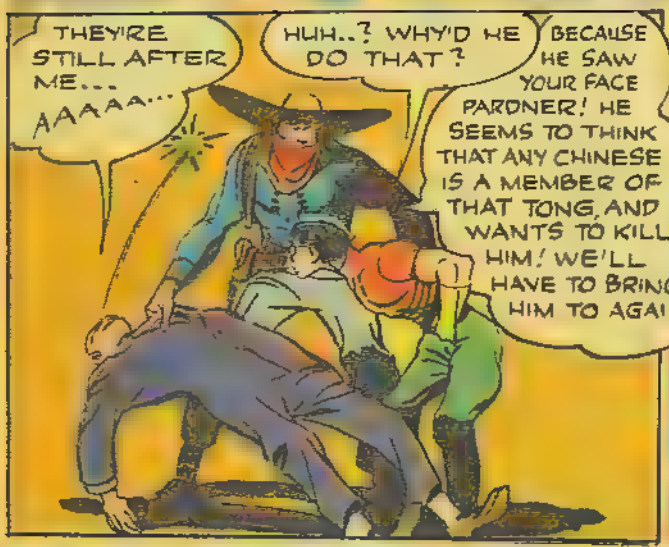
SHUCKS, PARDNER... I DON'T SEE HOW A SET-UP LIKE THAT WOULD FOOL ANYBODY!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED, GREG!
SOME MOMENTS LATER, AS IF IN PROOF OF STUFF'S WORDS...
I WANT TO GO HOME! I'LL NEVER AGAIN...
SHHH... DON'T SAY A WORD! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU TALK ABOUT IT!
SEE THAT? THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!
PARDNER, THAT MUST BE A POWERFUL GOOD SHOW YOUR UNCLE PUTS ON... I'D LIKE TO SEE IT!
AND SO, LATER, AS THE SIGHTSEEING BUS MAKES ANOTHER ROUND...
FOLLOW ME, FOLKS... AND GET READY TO BE SCARED!
I HAVE TO WEAR THESE CHEATERS AS A DISGUISE.. IT WOULD LOOK STRANGE TO SEE A CHINESE SIGHTSEEING IN CHINATOWN!
THIS IS KNOWN AS THE HOUSE OF THE TWENTY MURDERS!
(SNIFF, SNIFF) SMELL THAT INCENSE? THAT ALWAYS IMPRESSES PEOPLE AS BEING ORIENTAL!
QUIET, FOLKS, AND I'LL LET YOU LOOK AT THE MAN SUSPECTED OF BEING THE MURDERER HIMSELF! BETTER BE CAREFUL, THOUGH... SOME PEOPLE SAY HE HAS EYES IN BACK OF HIS HEAD!
THAT'S MY UNCLE, MADE UP TO LOOK SINISTER! IMAGINE HIM A MURDERER OF TWENTY PEOPLE!
QUET, STUFF! DON'T SPOIL THE FUN FOR THE OTHERS!

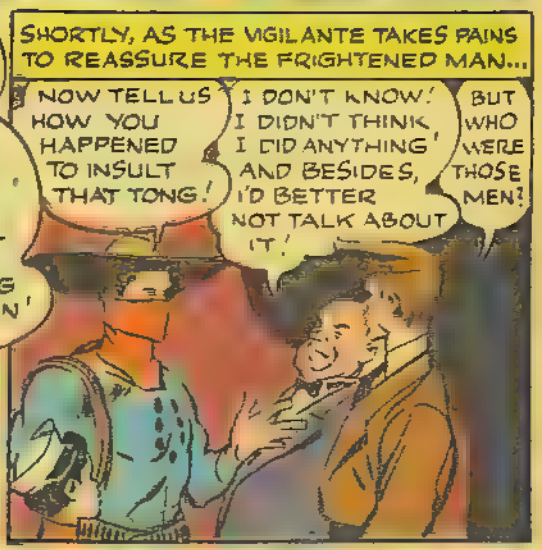
SUDDENLY...
EEEEEHHHH...AAAAA
HEAR THAT? THE SOUND EFFECTS I TOLD YOU ABOUT!
EACH OF THESE SWORDS HAS A HUNDRED DEATHS TO ITS CREDIT! THEY ARE TREASURED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION...
YIIII...
THAT SCREAM SOUNDED REAL, GREG!
HMMM--COULD BE--! ONE OF OUR PASSENGERS HAS DISAPPEARED!
SECONDS LATER, AFTER A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME IN A DESERTED SIDE ROOM...
THAT SOUND CAME FROM AROUND HERE... HUH..?
YOU MAKE OWN CHOICE, PLEASE! YOU LIKE DIE, BETTER DEATH OF THOUSAND SWORDS, OR PLEASURE SLEEP OF BEAUTIFUL POISON?
NO... MMMM...
I SAY ALREADY... NOT TALK LOUD, PLEASE!
HEY, WE GOTTA STOP THIS, VIG!
TAKE IT EASY, PARDNER! THEY AINT REALLY HURTIN' THE MAN! I WANT TO SEE WHAT COMES NEXT!
MONEY IN WALLET PAY FOR INSULTING HONOR OF TIEN PU TONG... WE LET YOU DIE EASY DEATH!
PERHAPS, HO MING, NOT NECESSARY KILL AT ALL! IF FOOLISH MAN PROMISE NOT TO TELL...
BUT IF YOU BREATHE WORD OF WHAT HAPPEN, ALL TEN THOUSAND MEMBERS OF TIEN PU TONG TRACK YOU TO END OF EARTH, YOU DIE MOST HORRIBLE DEATH POSSIBLE!
HONEST, I'LL NEVER OPEN MY LIPS TO ANYBODY! AAA...
HE FAINTED!
4

WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH! HERE'S WHERE WE CLOSE A FEW LIPS!
THE VIGILANTE!
OR AT LEAST SPLIT THEM!
WATCH OUT, VIG!
HUH..?
BEEP!
OKAY NOW, VIG! HE'S KIND OF INCENSED, BUT HARMLESS!
THANKS, STUFF!
BUT AS THE LARRUPING LARIAT-EER'S PILE-DRIVING FISTS POUND ONE HUMAN TARGET AFTER ANOTHER...
IN THIS ROOM OF MYSTERY, LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN... HUH..?
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, RATTLER... HEY..!
WHAT A BREAK!
SORRY, PARDNER, BUT YOU GOT IN THE WAY, AND I COULDN'T STOP THAT PUNCH!
AAAA-
HERE'S YOUR FRIEND, VIGILANTE... I'M LEAVING!
STOP THEM!
5

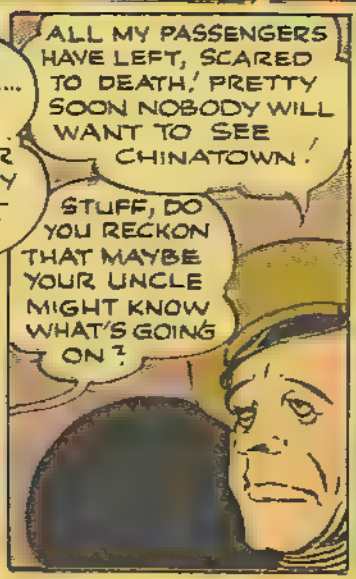
TRY TO STOP US, AND YOU FEEL THE VENGEANGE OF THE TIEN PU TONG!
EEEEE... DON'T HURT ME! I WON'T LIFT A FINGER TO DO YOU HARM!

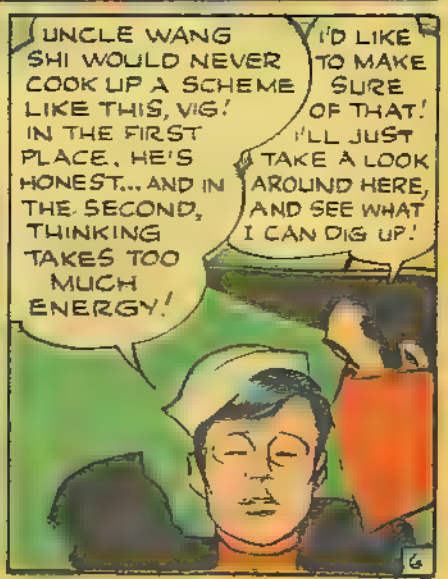
AS THE CRIMINALS ESCAPE, A BADLY FRIGHTENED MAN SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
AH, HE'S COMING TO!
YES, I'M ALL RIGHT...

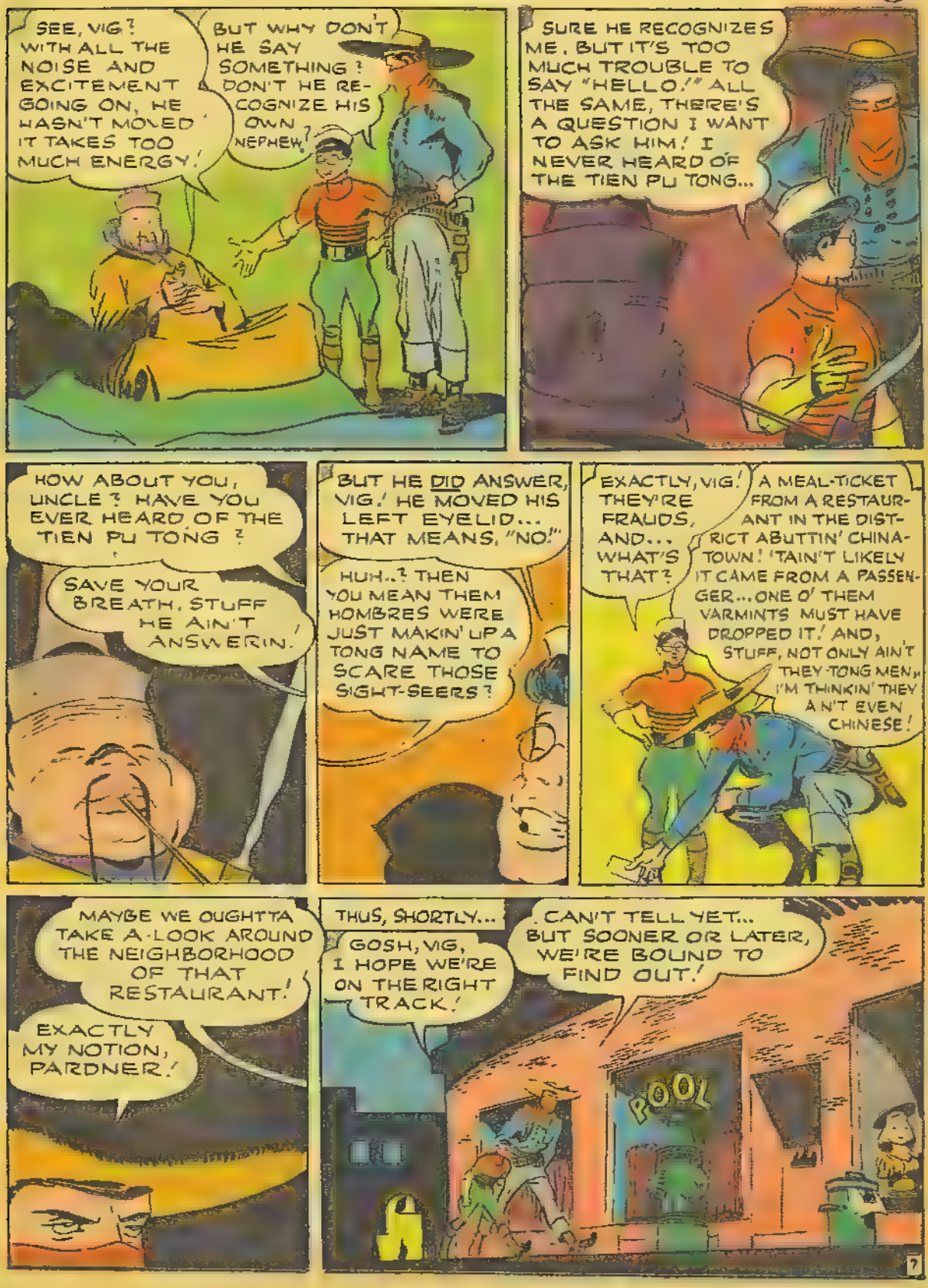

THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME... AAAAA...
HUH..? WHY'D HE DO THAT?
BECAUSE HE SAW YOUR FACE PARDNER! HE SEEMS TO THINK THAT ANY CHINESE IS A MEMBER OF THAT TONG, AND WANTS TO KILL HIM! WE'LL HAVE TO BRING HIM TO AGAIN!


SHORTLY, AS THE VIGILANTE TAKES PAINS TO REASSURE THE FRIGHTENED MAN...
NOW TELL US HOW YOU HAPPENED TO INSULT THAT TONG!
I DON'T KNOW! I DIDN'T THINK I DID ANYTHING! AND BESIDES, I'D BETTER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!
BUT WHO WERE THOSE MEN?

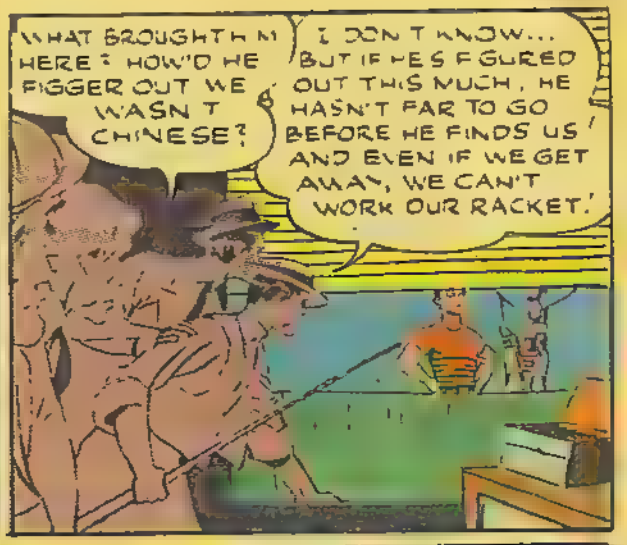
THAT'S THE QUESTION I WANTED TO ASK YOU, PARDNER!
BUT I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE... AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEM AGAIN, OR THEY'LL RUIN MY BUSINESS ALTOGETHER!

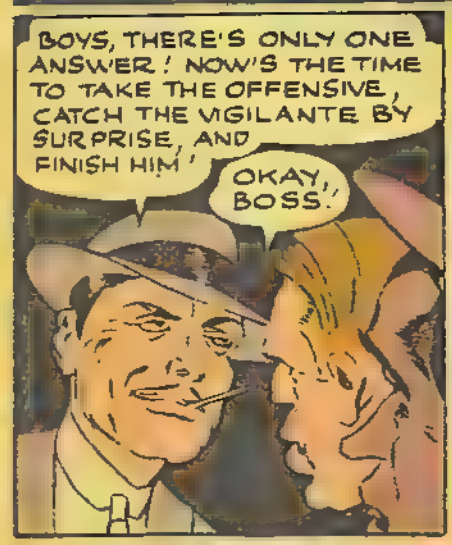

ALL MY PASSENGERS HAVE LEFT, SCARED TO DEATH! PRETTY SOON NOBODY WILL WANT TO SEE CHINATOWN!
STUFF, DO YOU RECKON THAT MAYBE YOUR UNCLE MIGHT KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON?

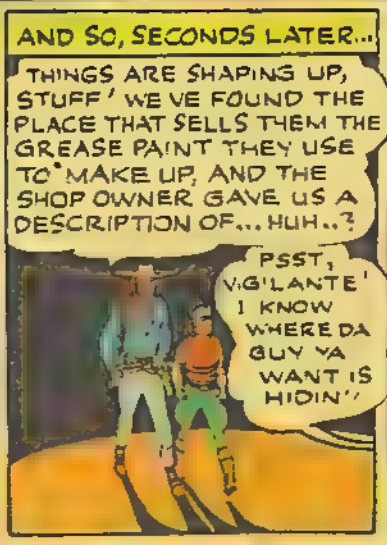

UNCLE WANG SHI WOULD NEVER COOK UP A SCHEME LIKE THIS, VIG! IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE'S HONEST... AND IN THE SECOND, THINKING TAKES TOO MUCH ENERGY!
I'D LIKE TO MAKE SURE OF THAT! I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND HERE, AND SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP!


SEE, VIG? WITH ALL THE NOISE AND EXCITEMENT GOING ON, HE HASN'T MOVED IT TAKES TOO MUCH ENERGY!
BUT WHY DON'T HE SAY SOMETHING? DON'T HE RECOGNIZE HIS OWN NEPHEW?
SURE HE RECOGNIZES ME. BUT IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE TO SAY "HELLO!" ALL THE SAME, THERE'S A QUESTION I WANT TO ASK HIM! I NEVER HEARD OF THE TIEN PU TONG...
HOW ABOUT YOU, UNCLE? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE TIEN PU TONG?
SAVE YOUR BREATH. STUFF HE AIN'T ANSWERIN'!
BUT HE DID ANSWER, VIG! HE MOVED HIS LEFT EYELID... THAT MEANS, "NO!"
HUH..? THEN YOU MEAN THEM HOMBRES WERE JUST MAKIN' UP A TONG NAME TO SCARE THOSE SIGHT-SEERS?
EXACTLY, VIG! THEY'RE FRAUDS, AND... WHAT'S THAT?
A MEAL-TICKET FROM A RESTAURANT IN THE DISTRICT ABUTTIN' CHINATOWN! 'TAIN'T LIKELY IT CAME FROM A PASSENGER... ONE O' THEM VARMINTS MUST HAVE DROPPED IT! AND, STUFF, NOT ONLY AIN'T THEY TONG MEN, I'M THINKIN' THEY AIN'T EVEN CHINESE!
MAYBE WE OUGHTTA TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THAT RESTAURANT!
EXACTLY MY NOTION, PARDNER!
THUS, SHORTLY...
GOSH, VIG, I HOPE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
. CAN'T TELL YET... BUT SOONER OR LATER, WE'RE BOUND TO FIND OUT!
POOL

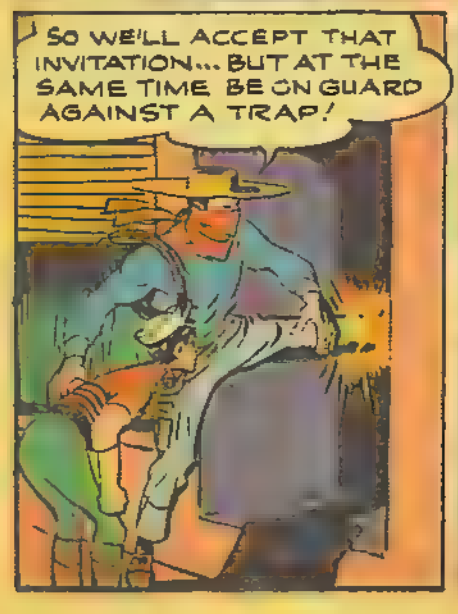
THE ANSWER COMES SOONER RATHER THAN LATER! AS THE PUNCHING PLAINSMAN AND HIS PAL CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH...
THE THREE BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET... HUH..?
LOOK, BOSS... DA VIGILANTE' HE'S ON TO OUR RACKET!


WHAT BROUGHT H M HERE? HOW'D HE FIGGER OUT WE WASN T CHINESE?
I DON T KNOW... BUT IF HE S F GURED OUT THIS MUCH, HE HASN'T FAR TO GO BEFORE HE FINDS US AND EVEN IF WE GET AWAY, WE CAN'T WORK OUR RACKET.'

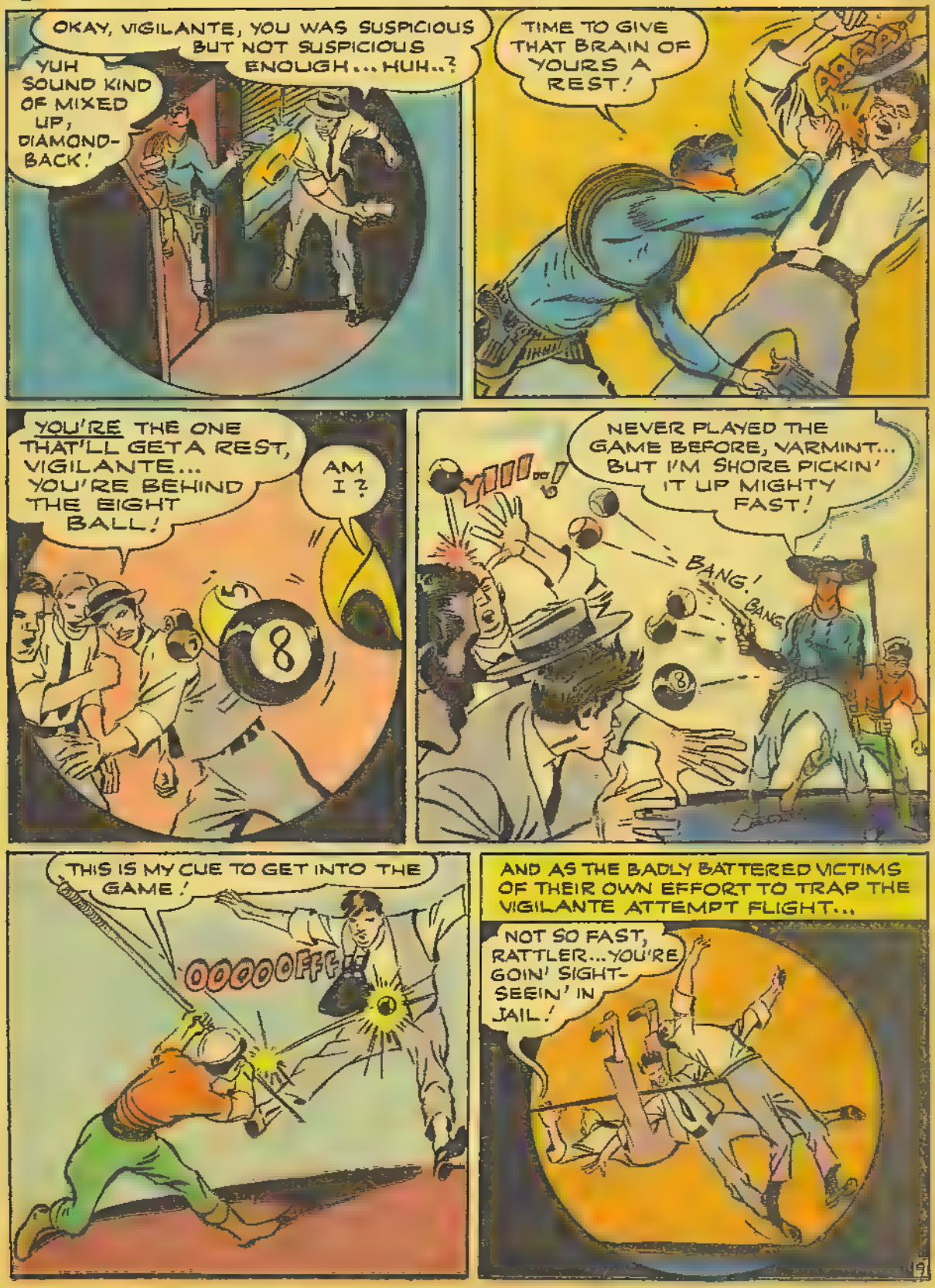

BOYS, THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER! NOW'S THE TIME TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE, CATCH THE VIGILANTE BY SURPRISE, AND FINISH HIM'
OKAY, BOSS!'

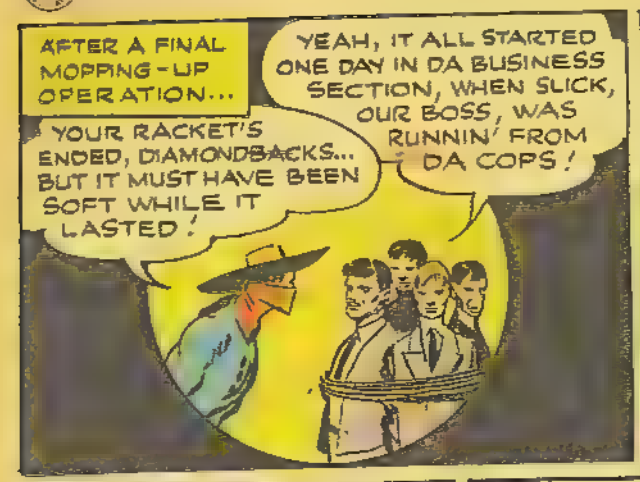

AND SO, SECONDS LATER...
THINGS ARE SHAPING UP, STUFF' WE VE FOUND THE PLACE THAT SELLS THEM THE GREASE PAINT THEY USE TO MAKE UP, AND THE SHOP OWNER GAVE US A DESCRIPTION OF... HUH..?
PSST, VIGILANTE' I KNOW WHERE DA GUY YA WANT IS HIDIN''

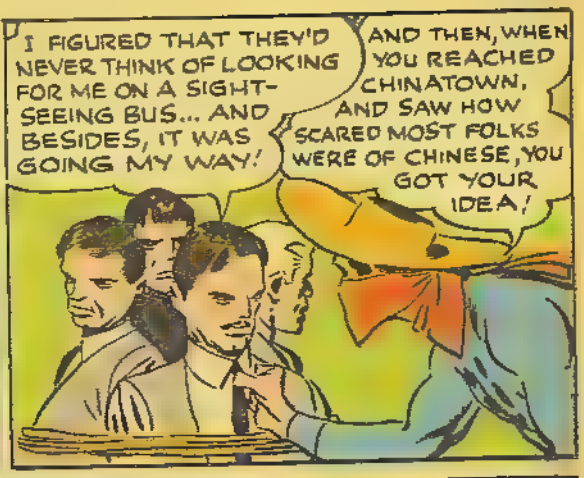
HEAR THAT, VIG? OUR SEARCH IS OVER!
JUST A MINUTE, PARDNER! THE ONLY ONES THAT KNOW WHO WE'RE SEARCHIN FOR ARE THE SIDE-WINDERS THEM-SELVES

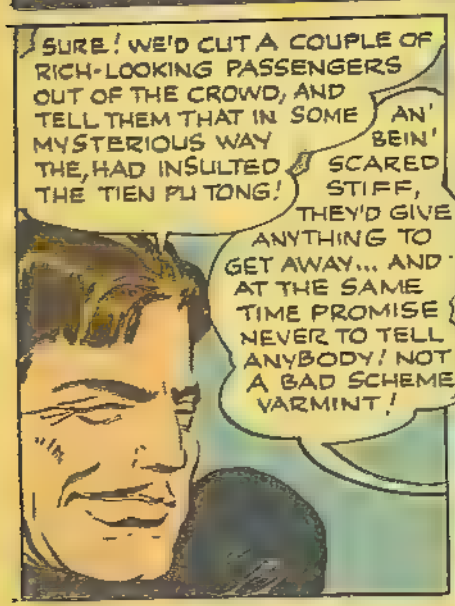

SO WE'LL ACCEPT THAT INVITATION... BUT AT THE SAME TIME BE ON GUARD AGAINST A TRAP!

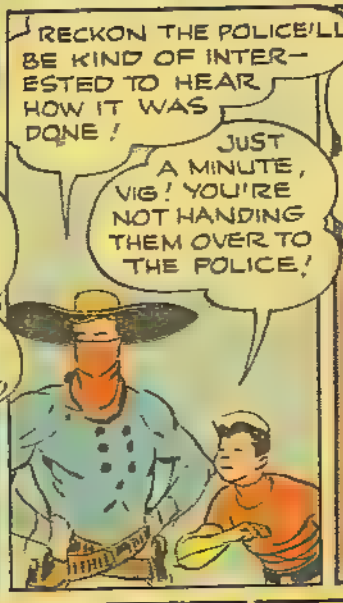
NOW, IT S SAFE TO GO IN' (I RECKON IT AIN'T... BUT NO NEED TO TELL 'EM THAT.')
WHA..?


OKAY, VIGILANTE, YOU WAS SUSPICIOUS BUT NOT SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH... HUH..?
YUH SOUND KIND OF MIXED UP, DIAMOND-BACK!
TIME TO GIVE THAT BRAIN OF YOURS A REST!
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'LL GET A REST, VIGILANTE... YOU'RE BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL!
AM I?
NEVER PLAYED THE GAME BEFORE, VARMINT... BUT I'M SHORE PICKIN' IT UP MIGHTY FAST!
YIII
BANG! BANG
THIS IS MY CUE TO GET INTO THE GAME!
OOOOOFF!
AND AS THE BADLY BATTERED VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN EFFORT TO TRAP THE VIGILANTE ATTEMPT FLIGHT...
NOT SO FAST, RATTLER... YOU'RE GOIN' SIGHT-SEEIN' IN JAIL!

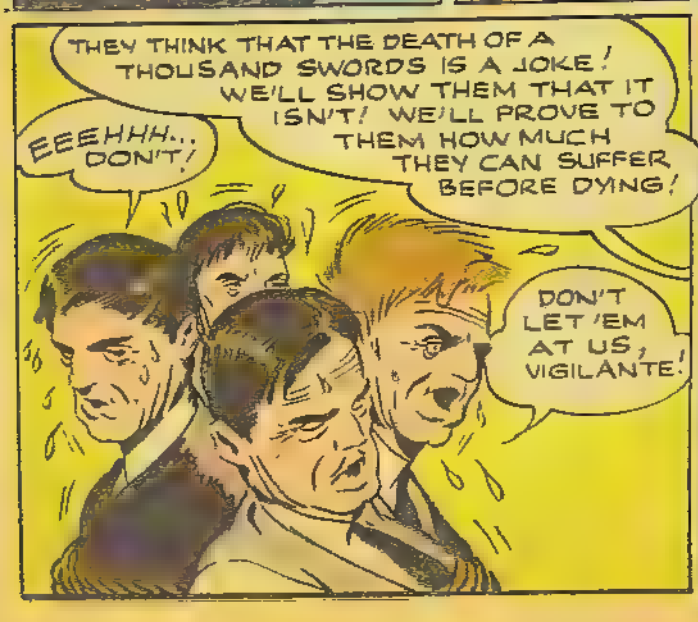

AFTER A FINAL MOPPING-UP OPERATION...
YEAH, IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY IN DA BUSINESS SECTION, WHEN SLICK, OUR BOSS, WAS RUNNIN' FROM DA COPS!
YOUR RACKET'S ENDED, DIAMONDBACKS... BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOFT WHILE IT LASTED!

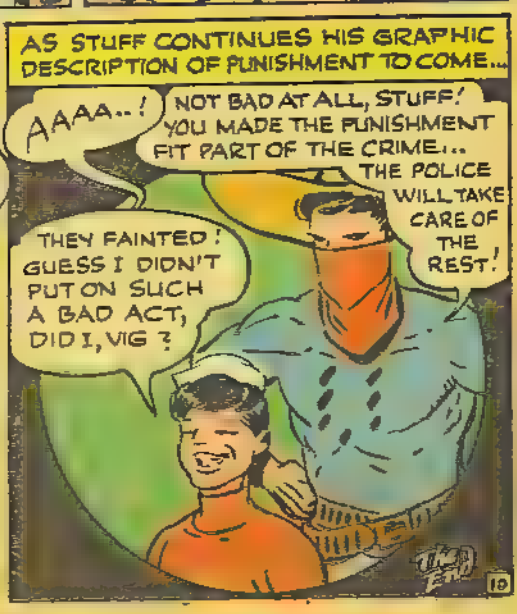

I FIGURED THAT THEY'D NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME ON A SIGHT-SEEING BUS... AND BESIDES, IT WAS GOING MY WAY!
AND THEN, WHEN YOU REACHED CHINATOWN, AND SAW HOW SCARED MOST FOLKS WERE OF CHINESE, YOU GOT YOUR IDEA!


SURE! WE'D CUT A COUPLE OF RICH-LOOKING PASSENGERS OUT OF THE CROWD, AND TELL THEM THAT IN SOME MYSTERIOUS WAY THE, HAD INSULTED THE TIEN PU TONG!
AN' BEIN' SCARED STIFF, THEY'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GET AWAY... AND AT THE SAME TIME PROMISE NEVER TO TELL ANYBODY! NOT A BAD SCHEME, VARMINT!


RECKON THE POLICE'LL BE KIND OF INTERESTED TO HEAR HOW IT WAS DONE!
JUST A MINUTE, VIG! YOU'RE NOT HANDING THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!

THESE MEN HAVE USED THE NAME OF THE TIEN PU TONG TO CARRY OUT THEIR OWN EVIL PURPOSES! AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TONG, I DEMAND THAT THEY BE HANDED OVER TO US FOR PUNISHMENT!


THEY THINK THAT THE DEATH OF A THOUSAND SWORDS IS A JOKE! WE'LL SHOW THEM THAT IT ISN'T! WE'LL PROVE TO THEM HOW MUCH THEY CAN SUFFER BEFORE DYING!
EEEHHH... DON'T!
DON'T LET 'EM AT US, VIGILANTE!


AS STUFF CONTINUES HIS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF PUNISHMENT TO COME...
AAAA..!
NOT BAD AT ALL, STUFF! YOU MADE THE PUNISHMENT FIT PART OF THE CRIME... THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!
THEY FAINTED! GUESS I DIDN'T PUT ON SUCH A BAD ACT, DID I, VIG?

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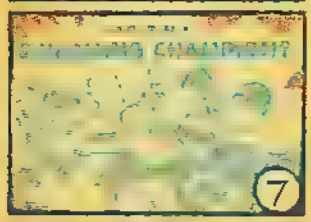

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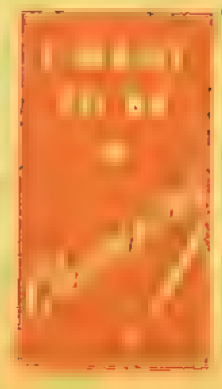

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IN THE CARDS

by Blair Bolton

IT felt good to see the sunlight again. He hadn't seen it for six weeks. It felt good too to smell the fresh earth of China — fragrant yet, though the conqueror's feet had been treading it many years now.

On his aged face was the bewildered expression of a man on whom heavy grief had fallen. His was a stoical face, too. The Chinese learned early to bear pain with fortitude. He himself had often remarked on this in his lessons at the University many years ago, when he had taught those who later brought the new China into being.

He had taught the way to freedom. Yet, today, he was a captive in the hands of the beasts who had come from Japan.

Now, as he followed the guards, his old legs dragging in pain, he suddenly remembered that they had loosed him. He blinked in astonishment as he saw where he was being taken.

It was his own house, the one that grateful students had given him shortly after he had won world acclaim with his X formula.

The old man's pulse tingled. Just a half mile away, in the woods, was the beloved laboratory he had thought he'd never see again. Yet now they were taking him into his own house!

But was it his house now? Did he want to call it that when the hated red ball of Nippon, like an angry eye, leered balefully from a pole. No, this was not his house. It was the headquarters of a hated invader!

Nevertheless, he knew he had to go in. There, in the semi-darkness of the big room that had once been his library, he saw them—grim, evil-looking men of Nippon!

The guards pushed him through the doorway. And then a surprising thing happened. One of the Japanese officers rushed over. His hand flashed, and the guard recoiled.

Snapped the officer: "You will treat a great man like Dr. Wu Chin with all the respect he deserves."

Dr. Wu blinked, and for a moment his mind was unable to comprehend this surprising turn of events. One didn't defend the Chinese today. They had cast them into a dank, foul-smelling prison, and now . . . ?

"I am Colonel Hakimi of the Intelligence Staff, Doctor," the short, stocky officer said. He had a strong face, but the eyes and lips were cruel, very cruel.

"We in Tokio learned only yesterday of your incarceration. It has all been a mistake. I flew here to rectify it."

The old man was wise in the ways of trickery, which are the ways of the Japanese. He said nothing.

Urbanely, the Colonel continued:

"Naturally, we knew you were not fighting against us, Doctor. Your fight has always been against the things that fight against humanity—disease and pestilence. Yes; and even death." Leaning back in his chair, the Colonel looked thoughtfully at the old man. "We feel you should be permitted to continue your work. And perhaps in time you will understand that we, in waging this war, are doing the same thing as you."

The Colonel tented his fingers. "My superiors assure me that a man of intellect will be happy to help such a cause."

"Help such a cause?" The old man couldn't restrain himself. Into his mind flowed the infamous deeds these invaders had done. Was it fighting death, to cause death to other humans? Did not these beasts unleash on a peace-loving people a reign of disease and pestilence? His lips quivered. "I will never help your cause."

Another officer, standing near, was unable to contain himself. He blurted. "You see, Colonel, I told you these dogs were . . ."

"Quiet!" Hakimi's eyes sparked. The Captain lapsed into sullen silence.

"I understand how you feel, Doctor," Hakimi said suavely. "You have had a great mental strain. It is difficult in such cases to adjust one's thinking. Why not let us prove we are your friends?"

He rose. "I am sure that in time you will agree with our Tanaka Memorial. But come. Perhaps I can assist you in your thinking."

Through the doorway and up to the second floor. To Dr. Wu it was like seeing an old, beloved friend again. The walls, the stairs, the art objects.

But the big surprise was in front of him now, through an opened door. He gasped in astonishment.

"Yes," Hakimi said. "It is your own room."

As if in a dream, the old man entered. Everything was in its proper place—his books, the desk, and on it his beloved quill pens, still proudly reared their hollow shafts.

Hakimi's voice brought him back to reality.

"You see, Doctor, we too have regard for the things of art. Naturally, being a prisoner of war, you will not leave this room. You will have everything you need." He opened a small drawer in the desk. "Playing cards. You see, we know your hobby, also."

For a moment, his face hardened. Then, as swiftly, the mood departed. "Naturally, you cannot touch your chemicals. They are still intact in the laboratory, however." A wry smile. "You see, Doctor, we wish you to live, although your chemicals have helped many of us die."

Once again the old man's trembling lips betrayed his agitation. "My discoveries in explosives were for the advancement of civilization, that men might move mountains, and build their homes in peace."

Hakimi's smile was inscrutable. "Yet, your people have turned

them into weapons of war against us, Dr. Wu." He nodded "You must be tired, Doctor. Tomorrow, we will continue this discussion."

Tired? The old man asked himself this question as the door closed behind Hakimi. "Tired?" No, he would never be tired, old though he was. This was a fight in which a man must live. He must live to see the day when this invader would be driven from China, driven right into the sea like the rats of fable. Idly, he picked up the playing cards the Colonel had left, and carried them to the bed.

He lay down, his fingers toying with the cards. He stared at the ceiling, as though trying to see through it, trying to get an answer to this new technique which was being tried on him.

Oh, he saw behind that mask of friendship. They were up to something. But what? He closed his eyes. Suddenly, his body stiffened as he heard Colonel Hakimi's voice. It seemed almost to be in the room.

It wasn't. It was coming through the floor, clearly and distinctly. Funny, the Japanese hadn't noticed the room was directly over the Captain's headquarters. Only a thin piece of bamboo matting had been placed over what had once been a heating vent. That was before Dr. Wu had installed the new American oil burning system. He had always meant to close off the unused vent completely. Now, he murmured a prayer of thanks that he hadn't. For, downstairs, Colonel Hakimi was saying:

"I think he is falling for our ruse, Captain. The guard and you, Captain, played your parts well. If we can only win the old man's confidence, we shall obtain new formulas from him." A chuckle. "You will understand more about psychological warfare when you see it in operation, Captain."

"You can't win over a Chinese," the sullen words came up. "I have tasted their guerrilla warfare. I say kill the old man, that he will do us no more harm."

Hakimi's voice returned, hard, cold. "That is a matter for your superiors to decide, Captain. I warn you nothing must go wrong. Tonight I shall allow him to go alone to his laboratory. Of course, we shall have a man concealed there to watch him. But I think he'll be willing to help us, just to get back to his laboratory."

So that was it. No flicker of emotion crossed the old man's face as he lay on the bed. His long fingers toyed with the cards. He thought, "I have nothing with which to fight back, but I shall not die." His eyes strayed across the room, rested on the familiar, beloved objects . . . desk, books, quill pens. A card slipped from his fingers.

And as the old man bent down to pick it up, his eyes snapped. "Of course," he murmured. "Why did I not think of it before?"

Gone now was age from his body. He was young again, a fighter. Like David fighting the giant, like a brave Chinese fighting a dragon, he would forge a weapon against a ruthless, powerful enemy. He did not know then, when he would use it. But it had to be made, swiftly.

Eyes burning brightly, he went to his books and removed the binding from a beautifully-bound leather volume. Beneath the water tap he soaked the binding. The job wasn't done then. Much tedious work remained.

The deck of cards consumed much of this. Painstakingly, slowly, Dr. Wu tore out all the red diamonds and hearts. These he tore into small bits and once again went to the washbowl, where he soaked them. That done, he took the particles and tamped them into the hollow holder of his beloved quill pen. The soaked leather binding followed, making the object airtight.

Dr. Wu worked thoroughly, carefully. It almost proved his undoing. He hadn't realized how much time had been consumed. The sound of a key in the door brought realization to him that someone, probably the guard, was coming in.

Hastily, he thrust the apparatus beneath mattress and spring on the bed. He'd get back to it after dining. He *had* to get back to it, for this was his weapon.

To his bitter disappointment, the guard stood as he ate. He had no chance to be alone. Dr. Wu's mind spun. There was danger lurking in the bed, real danger. He hurried through his food, hoping that at the finish the guard would leave.

It was not to be. Almost as though on signal, as he finished the last of the food on his plate, Hakimi appeared, followed by the Captain.

The old man's pulses throbbed. It was too late now, much too late. At any minute . . . ! And yet he had to live, he had to carry on the fight. Only a miracle could save him now.

Well, perhaps it was a miracle; perhaps only coincidence. Nevertheless, like a bolt from the blue he heard Hakimi say, "This is a pass to visit your laboratory alone. You may go there now for a few hours. I thought perhaps you'd like to see your equipment again."

Dr. Wu's body trembled; it trembled in relief, but Hakimi thought it was excitement. The old man could scarcely hold the pass in his hands as he rushed out.

Hakimi watched him go. He roared with laughter, and slapped the Captain on the back. So soundly did he slap him that the officer fell on the bed.

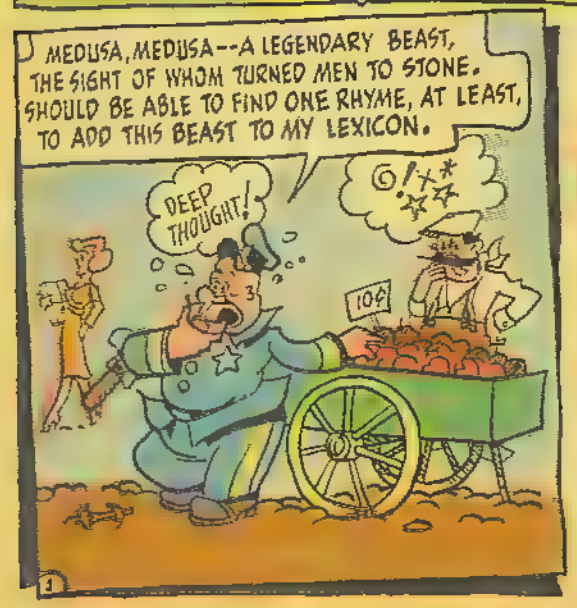
"Look at the way the fool runs." Hakimi roared. Tears of merriment rolled from his cruel eyes. "I told you we would win him over. Tomorrow he will be working for us. Just wait and see."

Still roaring with laughter, he pounced down on the bed, besides the Captain. "He'd probably . . ." Hakimi began. He never finished what he wanted to say, because a terrific explosion suddenly shook the room, and a sheet of flame roared high, spelling doom for Hakimi and the Captain.

Out in the woods, running for the safety he knew would be his with the pass signed by Hakimi, Dr. Wu heard the explosion. He smiled to himself. He knew that somebody, either Hakimi or the Captain, had put pressure on the bed, and set off the bomb he had placed there. The bomb made from the cellulose of the playing cards!

HAYFOOT HENRY

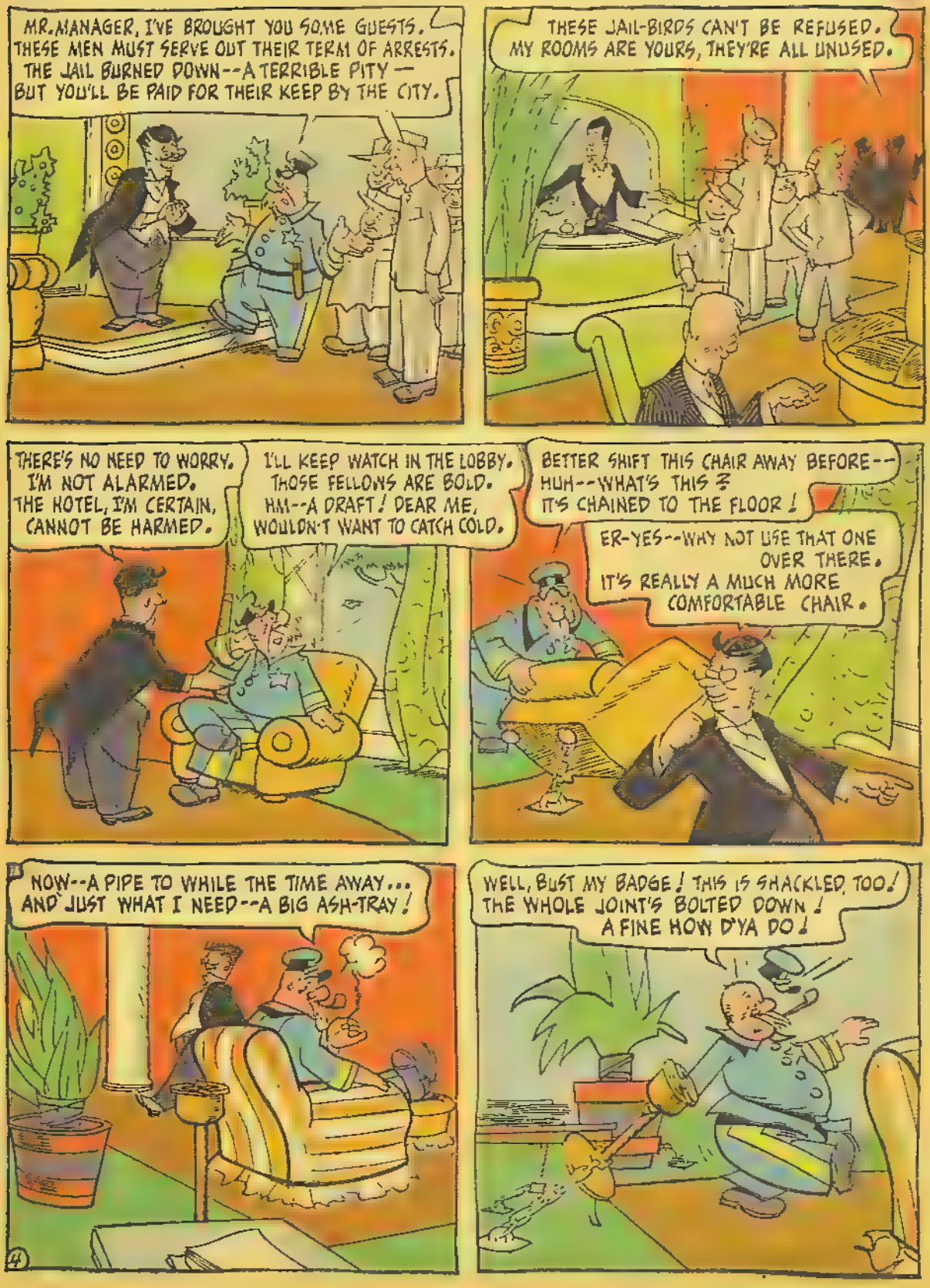
IN THIS SLEEPYSIDE TALE A BURNING JAIL MADE CRIMINALS HOT AND PUT HENRY ON THE SPOT, UNTIL HE DISCERNED FROM A SITTIING POSITION WHY THE JAIL WAS BURNED BY... THE PYROTECH-NICIAN!
JAIL


MEDUSA, MEDUSA--A LEGENDARY BEAST, THE SIGHT OF WHOM TURNED MEN TO STONE. SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND ONE RHYME, AT LEAST, TO ADD THIS BEAST TO MY LEXICON.
DEEP THOUGHT!
106
1

AH, MR. BLACKSMITH, HOW DO YOU DO? KNOW A RHYME FOR MEDUSA? THERE SHOULD BE A FEW.
SORRY— IN A BIG RUSH— CAN'T STOP! I'VE A BIG JOB AT THE LOCAL HOTEL.

THE HOTEL NEEDS A BLACKSMITH? HOW VERY ODD. FUNNY KIND OF GUEST THAT HAS TO BE SHOD.
?
BUT A RHYME FOR MEDUSA IS WHAT I REQUIRE AND--OH, DEAR ME-- THERE MUST BE A FIRE!
CLANG
HOP ON, HENRY. COME ALONG TO THE BLAZE.
TO BUSY WITH RHYMES FOR PYROTECHNIC DISPLAYS.
BUT THIS BLAZE IS IN YOUR LINE OF DUTY, THE JAIL'S ON FIRE, THEY SAY IT'S A BEAUTY!
GOODNESS ME! I'VE THE ONLY KEY!
THAT FIREBUG I LOCKED UP THE OTHER NIGHT, PROBABLY DID THIS OUT OF SPITE.
CLANG!
LET ME OUT! THE JOINT IS SIZZLING! I MAY BE A CROOK, BUT I AIN'T NO QUISLING!
THERE'S NO DENYING THAT I AM FRYING!
SMOKE'S IN MY EYES I AM CHOKING!
2.

DON'T WORRY, I'VE COME TO OPEN YOUR CAGES! BUT MY BEAUTIFUL JAIL! IT'S REALLY OUTRAGEOUS!
DON'T THINK THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS HABITATION ENDS YOUR DAYS OF INCARCERATION. I'M OBLIGED TO MOVE YOU TO THE TOWN HOTEL WHERE YOU'LL EACH HAVE A ROOM INSTEAD OF A CELL.
BUT WHO WAS THE FIREBUG ? WHO REALLY WAS IT ? FOR HIM, NO ROOM, BUT A DARK BROOM-CLOSET!
I DIDN'T DO IT. I CAN'T STAND HEAT.
WHICH ONE OF US GETS THE ROYAL SUITE ?
COME OUT OF HIDING AND DON'T BE A LIAR! ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU SET THE FIRE ?
HENRY, I KNOW I'VE SET FIRES IN BATCHES. BUT THIS ONE, I DIDN'T. I HAD NO MATCHES!
OSWALD THE TORCH, WAS IT POSSIBLY YOU ? YOU ALWAYS SET FIRES WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING TO DO.
DON'T LOOK AT ME. OF GUILT I AM FREE.
WELL--I'LL FIND THE CULPRIT, NEVER FEAR. IF IT TAKES ME A DAY OR IT TAKES ME A YEAR.
3


MR. MANAGER, I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME GUESTS. THESE MEN MUST SERVE OUT THEIR TERM OF ARRESTS. THE JAIL BURNED DOWN--A TERRIBLE PITY — BUT YOU'LL BE PAID FOR THEIR KEEP BY THE CITY.
THESE JAIL-BIRDS CAN'T BE REFUSED. MY ROOMS ARE YOURS, THEY'RE ALL UNUSED.
THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY. I'M NOT ALARMED. THE HOTEL, I'M CERTAIN, CANNOT BE HARMED.
I'LL KEEP WATCH IN THE LOBBY. THOSE FELLOWS ARE BOLD. HM--A DRAFT! DEAR ME, WOULDN'T WANT TO CATCH COLD.
BETTER SHIFT THIS CHAIR AWAY BEFORE-- HUH--WHAT'S THIS? IT'S CHAINED TO THE FLOOR!
ER-YES--WHY NOT USE THAT ONE OVER THERE. IT'S REALLY A MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE CHAIR.
NOW--A PIPE TO WHILE THE TIME AWAY... AND JUST WHAT I NEED--A BIG ASH-TRAY!
WELL, BUST MY BADGE! THIS IS SHACKLED, TOO! THE WHOLE JOINT'S BOLTED DOWN! A FINE HOW D'YA DO!

EVERYTHING MOVABLE BOLTED DOWN TIGHT. CAN IT BE TRUE? CAN I REALLY BE RIGHT? BUT THERE'S NO OTHER ANSWER. A FACT'S A FACT. THE CASE OF THE BURNING JAIL IS CRACKED!
JUST A MOMENT, CHUM! I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER! YOUR WRISTS WITH THESE HANDCUFFS, I MUST ENCUMBER!
HOW DARE YOU, SIR! UNHAND ME AT ONCE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ARRESTS WITHOUT REASON, YOU DUNCE!
GUESTS BEING SCARCE, YOU BURNED DOWN THE JAIL, KNOWING THAT ONLY THE HOTEL WOULD AVAIL, I KNOW YOUR GAME — YOU THINK YOU'LL BE PAID FOR THE PRISONERS TILL A NEW JAIL IS MADE!
WHO BOLTS THINGS DOWN UNLESS HE BELIEVES HE'LL SOON BE HOUSING A GANG OF THIEVES? I ALSO KNOW THE BLACKSMITH WAS HIRED TO FORGE THESE BOLTS BEFORE THE JAIL WAS FIRED!
BIFF
POW
SOK
AGAINST SUCH LOGIC I CAN FIND NO EXCUSE. CRIME DOESN'T PAY. I BEHAVED LIKE A GOOSE!
CONFESSION AND REPENTANCE MAY LIGHTEN YOUR SENTENCE!
AND I THOUGHT MY SCHEME WAS A LALAPALOOSA!
EUREKA--THAT'S IT! MY RHYME FOR MEDUSA!
CONSOLE YOURSELF--THINGS AREN'T SO SAD. YOU WIN THE ROYAL SUITE! NOT BAD FOR A CAD!
WHO CARES FOR THE ROYAL SUITE AND ITS EASE, WHEN I CANNOT COME AND GO AS I PLEASE?
THE END

SPECIAL PEP NEWS
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

1

NOW—IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP

MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

THEY'RE PRIZES FOR YOU! Just what you want—to collect and swap. Imagine, authentic, actual-color, military insignia and warplane buttons—keen stuff to pin on cap, sweater or jacket. 22 of them in all. A button as a *prize* in *every package* of PEP.

SPECIAL BEANIE CAP OFFER! For colorful beanie to wear buttons on, send 10 cents and 2 PEP box tops to Kellogg Company, Dept. 90P, Battle Creek, Michigan.

2

SOMETHING SWELL TO LISTEN TO

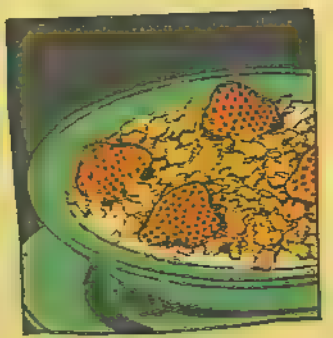
Kellogg's PEP BRINGS YOU SUPERMAN

If ever a radio show was created for kids, it's SUPERMAN. Why, you've just gotta get your ear glued up to the mike to catch the exciting adventures. And the SUPERMAN SHOW has some mighty good news for you about Kellogg's PEP and PEP's new prizes—in every package. Listen to SUPERMAN—get time and station from your local paper.

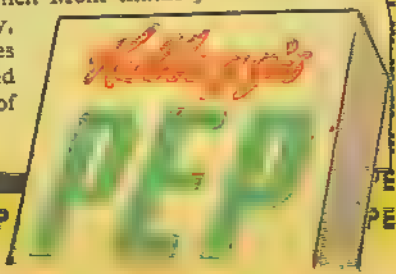
3

SOMETHING REALLY SWELL TO EAT

Kellogg's PEP

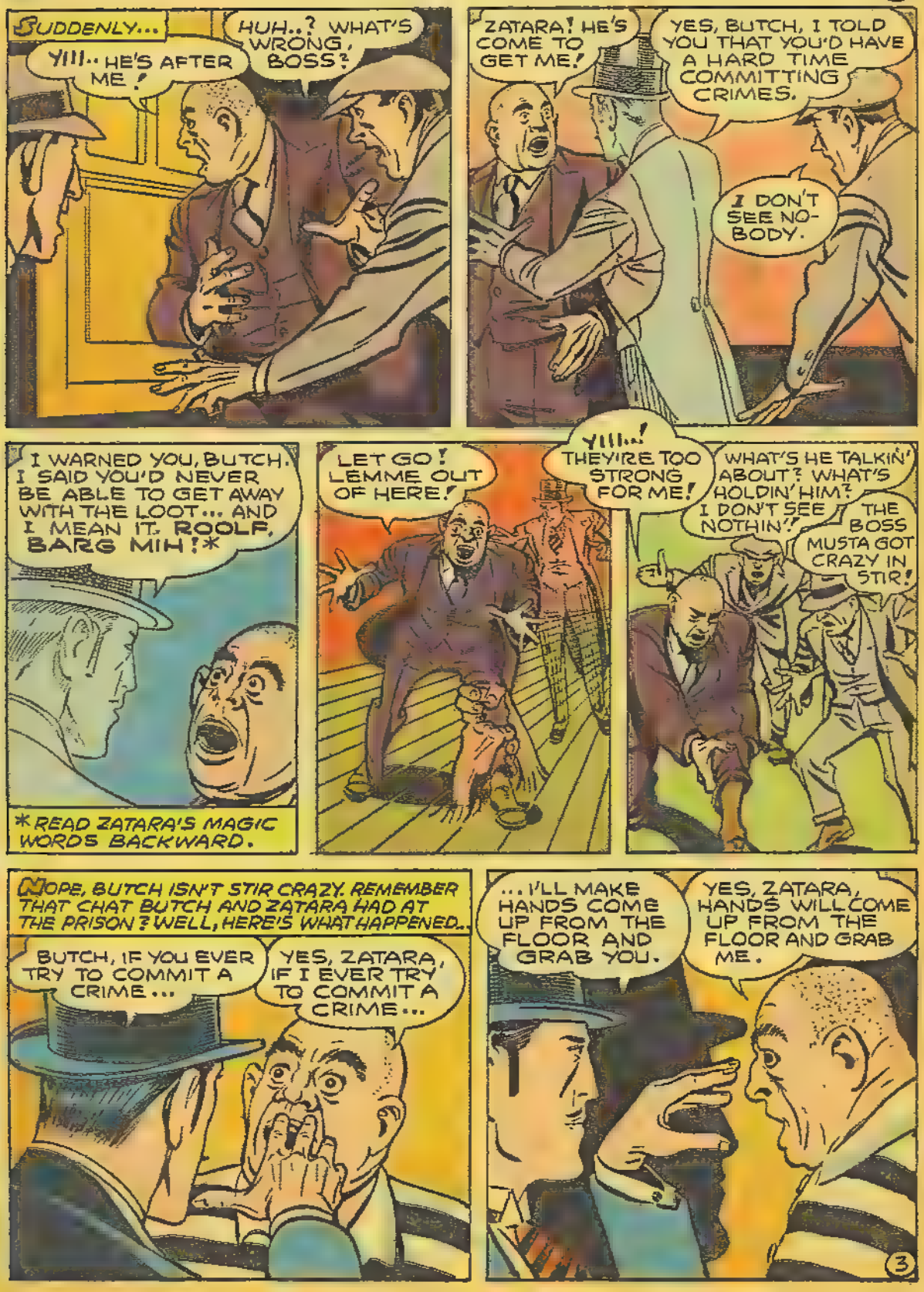


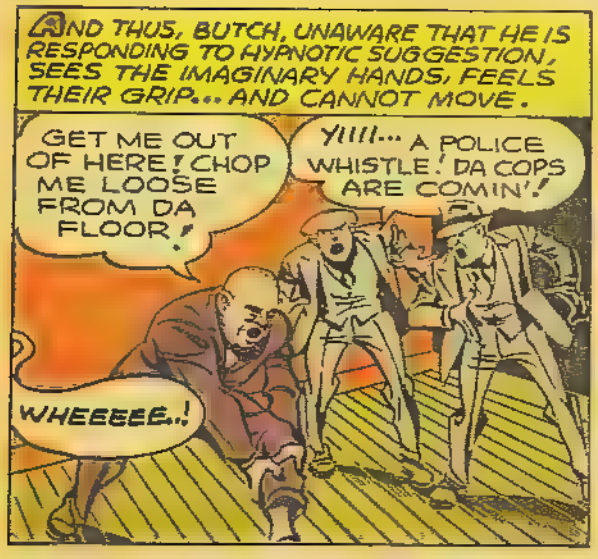
BOYS—GIRLS—to enjoy a cereal made right to *your* taste, pick Kellogg's PEP. Mmm—Mmm—what delicious wholesome crispness! And when served with fruit and milk it's positively swell. And, know what? When Mom thinks you need sunshine vitamin D, just say, "A bowl of yummy PEP gives me my minimum daily need of that vitamin—also lots of energy vitamin B_1."



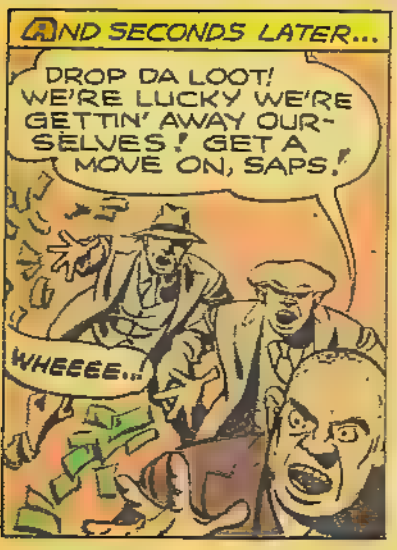
ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
WHEN A CROOK SAYS HE'S THROUGH WITH CRIME, NO ONE IS READIER TO HELP HIM GO STRAIGHT THAN ZATARA. BUT WHEN THAT CROOK HAS HIS TONGUE IN HIS CHEEK... WELL, HE NEEDN'T BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT ZATARA HAS AN ACE IN THE HOLE. YES, THE MASTER MAGICIAN CERTAINLY HAS THE CROOKS HYPNOTIZED WHEN THEY ATTEMPT...
"CRIME... Off the Record!"

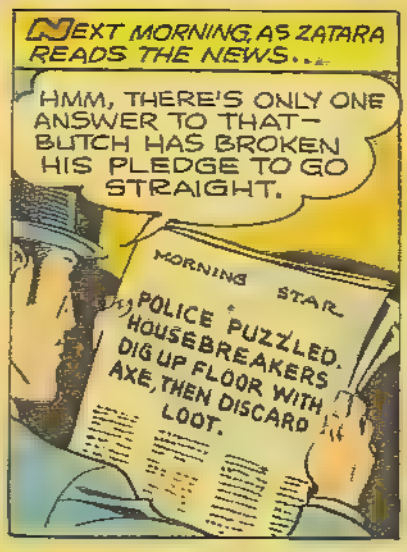
BEFORE THE BOARD OF PARDONS, BUTCH BAKER HOLDS THE LIMELIGHT...
GENTLEMEN, BUTCH IS A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL—EVEN IF HE DOES HAVE A GOOD PRISON RECORD.
THE QUESTION IN OUR MINDS IS... WILL HE GO STRAIGHT?
BUTCH SEEMS REFORMED, BUT CAN WE TRUST HIM?
GEE, I AIN'T GOT A DISHONEST BONE IN ME BODY ANY-MORE. GIMME A CHANCE.
LOOKIT ZATARA DERE... HE SENT ME UP. BUT I'LL BET DAT HE DON'T T'INK I'M A CROOK NO MORE.
GENTLEMEN, LET ME HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH BUTCH IN PRIVATE. I'M SURE HE'LL FIND IT EASIER TO GO STRAIGHT AFTER THAT.
DAT'S DA SPIRIT, ZATARA.
SURE, THAT'S THE SPIRIT, ZATARA. BUT YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR BUTCH. FOR, A FEW DAYS AFTER HIS PAROLE...
HAW, HAW! DA SAPS BELIEVED ME. AND WHAT'S MORE, I EVEN FOOLED ZATARA.
GEE, DIS IS ONE HAPPY HOME-COMING!
AND WE GOT A LITTLE JOB ALL LINED UP TO KINDA CELEBRATE, BUTCH.
YES, SIR! BUTCH IS RIGHT BACK IN THE OLD GROOVE...
BOSS, DERE WAS SO MUCH TO TAKE ON DIS JOB, IT WAS HARD TA MAKE A SELECTION. HAW, HAW!
HAW, HAW, YOU SAID IT!
2


SUDDENLY...
YIII.. HE'S AFTER ME!
HUH..? WHAT'S WRONG, BOSS?
ZATARA! HE'S COME TO GET ME!
YES, BUTCH, I TOLD YOU THAT YOU'D HAVE A HARD TIME COMMITTING CRIMES.
I DON'T SEE NO-BODY.
I WARNED YOU, BUTCH. I SAID YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO GET AWAY WITH THE LOOT... AND I MEAN IT. ROOLF, BARG MIH!*
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARD.
LET GO! LEMME OUT OF HERE!
YIII..! THEY'RE TOO STRONG FOR ME!
WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT'S HOLDIN' HIM? I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'!
THE BOSS MUSTA GOT CRAZY IN STIR!
NOPE, BUTCH ISN'T STIR CRAZY. REMEMBER THAT CHAT BUTCH AND ZATARA HAD AT THE PRISON? WELL, HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED..
BUTCH, IF YOU EVER TRY TO COMMIT A CRIME...
YES, ZATARA, IF I EVER TRY TO COMMIT A CRIME...
...I'LL MAKE HANDS COME UP FROM THE FLOOR AND GRAB YOU.
YES, ZATARA, HANDS WILL COME UP FROM THE FLOOR AND GRAB ME.

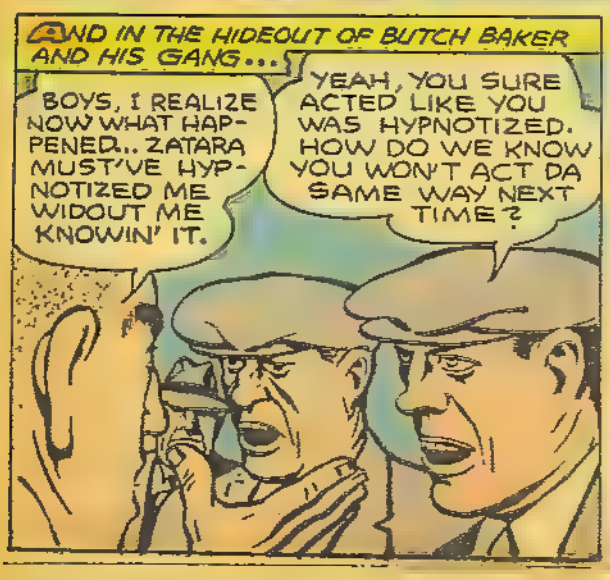

AND THUS, BUTCH, UNAWARE THAT HE IS RESPONDING TO HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, SEES THE IMAGINARY HANDS, FEELS THEIR GRIP... AND CANNOT MOVE.
GET ME OUT OF HERE! CHOP ME LOOSE FROM DA FLOOR!
YIIII... A POLICE WHISTLE! DA COPS ARE COMIN'!
WHEEEEE..!

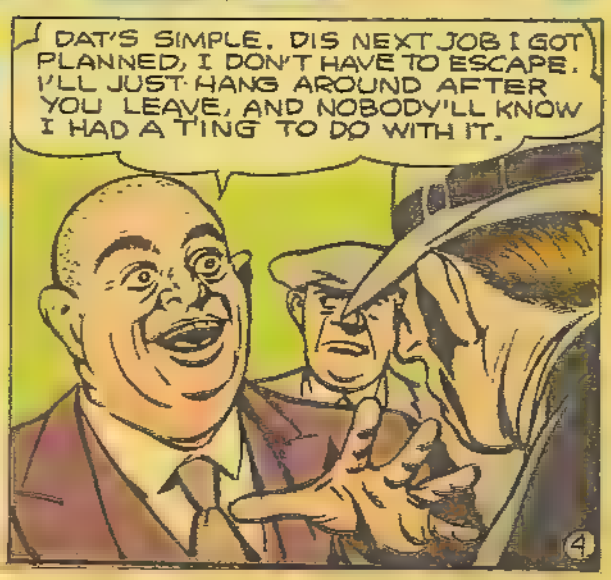
IF YOU INSIST, BOSS. BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT'S HOLDIN' YA!
FASTER, BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!


AND SECONDS LATER...
DROP DA LOOT! WE'RE LUCKY WE'RE GETTIN' AWAY OUR-SELVES! GET A MOVE ON, SAPS!
WHEEEE..!

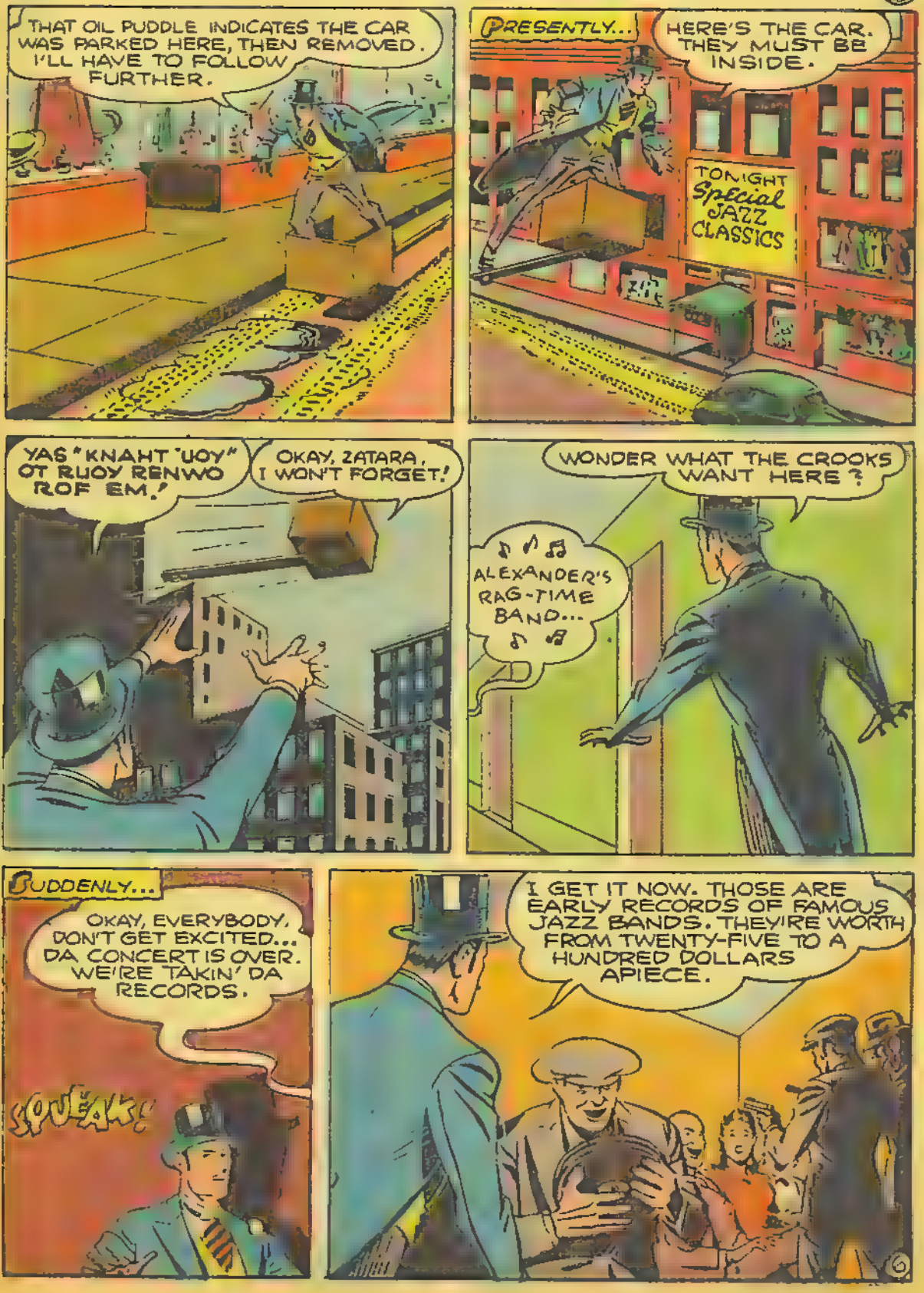

NEXT MORNING, AS ZATARA READS THE NEWS...
HMM, THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THAT— BUTCH HAS BROKEN HIS PLEDGE TO GO STRAIGHT.
MORNING STAR
POLICE PUZZLED. HOUSEBREAKERS DIG UP FLOOR WITH AXE, THEN DISCARD LOOT.

WELL, I GAVE HIM HIS CHANCE, AND HE DIDN'T TAKE IT. NOW TO SEE THAT HE GETS HIS PUNISHMENT.


AND IN THE HIDEOUT OF BUTCH BAKER AND HIS GANG...
BOYS, I REALIZE NOW WHAT HAP-PENED.. ZATARA MUST'VE HYP-NOTIZED ME WIDOUT ME KNOWIN' IT.
YEAH, YOU SURE ACTED LIKE YOU WAS HYPNOTIZED. HOW DO WE KNOW YOU WON'T ACT DA SAME WAY NEXT TIME?


DAT'S SIMPLE. DIS NEXT JOB I GOT PLANNED, I DON'T HAVE TO ESCAPE. I'LL JUST HANG AROUND AFTER YOU LEAVE, AND NOBODY'LL KNOW I HAD A TING TO DO WITH IT.

MEANWHILE, ZATARA ISN'T NAPPING. AT THE SCENE OF BUTCH'S FIRST ROBBERY...
NO, ZATARA, THE CRIMINALS DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH A THING. THIS IS SOME OF THE LOOT THEY GOT AND THEN DROPPED.
I COULD USE ONE OF THOSE TEN-DOLLAR BILLS. MIND LENDING ME ONE?
LLIB, KAEPS. TAHW NAC UOY LLET EM?
THEY WENT OUT THAT DOOR, ZATARA. THEY HAD A CAR WAITING FOR THEM.
YES, THIS IS WHERE THE CAR WAS PARKED. ERIT SKCART, WOLG!
NOW I'LL STILL SEE THE TRAIL EVEN WHERE THE GROUND IS HARD. ALL I NEED NOW IS TRANSPORTATION.
EXACTLY WHAT I NEED. I'LL SEE IF I CAN BORROW IT.
THE EAGER OWNER GIVES CONSENT, AND ZATARA SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORDS OF COMMAND.
GOSH, I WISH IT WOULD FLY FOR ME THE WAY IT DOES FOR ZATARA!
5


THAT OIL PUDDLE INDICATES THE CAR WAS PARKED HERE, THEN REMOVED. I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW FURTHER.
PRESENTLY...
HERE'S THE CAR. THEY MUST BE INSIDE.
TONIGHT Special JAZZ CLASSICS
YAS "KNAHT "UOY" OT RUOY RENWO ROF EM.'
OKAY, ZATARA, I WON'T FORGET!
WONDER WHAT THE CROOKS WANT HERE?
ALEXANDER'S RAG-TIME BAND...
SUDDENLY...
OKAY, EVERYBODY, DON'T GET EXCITED... DA CONCERT IS OVER. WE'RE TAKIN' DA RECORDS.
SQUEAK!
I GET IT NOW. THOSE ARE EARLY RECORDS OF FAMOUS JAZZ BANDS. THEY'RE WORTH FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO A HUNDRED DOLLARS APIECE.

THOSE RECORDS ARE CERTAINLY UNUSUAL... AND HERE'S WHERE I PROVE IT. SNAICISUM, YALP!
ZATARA!
THE LOW-DOWN BLUES, AS PLAYED BY TROMBONE TRENT... IT CERTAINLY SENDS THEM.
YIII..!
I'M LOSING MY HEAD OVER YOU, BY THE KING OF RHYTHM...
OOOWHWWWWW...
I GOT THAT SINKING FEELING IN MY STOMACH, BY DRUMBEAT DELANEY ... BUT I BET IT ISN'T LOVE.
WHILE IN THE AUDIENCE...
I TOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO SIT DIS OUT... I DIDN'T FIGURE ON ZATARA INTERRUPTIN'
HEY..!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT... IT WOULD BE MURDER.
BANG!
YEAH? WHADDYA T'INK I'M DOIN'... PLAYIN' TIDDLEY-WINKS?
DA LIGHTS ARE OUT... QUICK, BOYS, HERE'S OUR CHANCE.

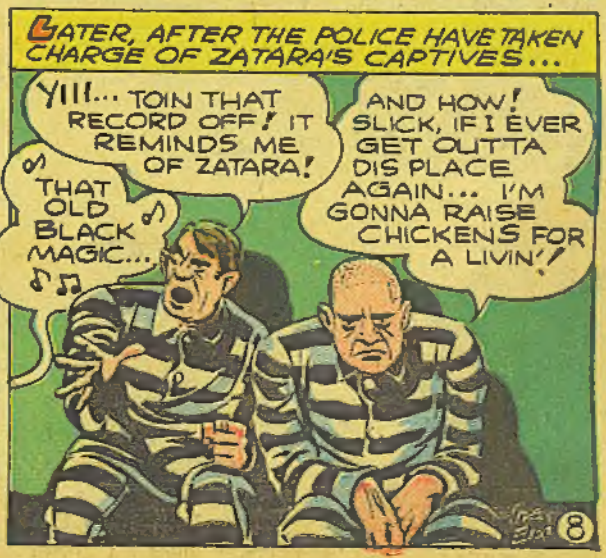
AND WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN...
NICE WORK, BOYS. DAT SOCK IN DA DARK FIXED HIM.
AN' WID DAT HOOD OVER HIS HEAD, HE CAN'T USE HIS EYES. AND WIDOUT EYES, HE CAN'T WOIK MAGIC.

NOW WE CAN FINISH DA JOB...
THAT SULFUR SMELL...SOMEBODY HAS JUST STRUCK A MATCH IN FRONT OF ME. I'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST...

AND RISK A SLIGHT BURN.
HEY...HE'S GOIN' WHACKY!

NOT QUITE. NOW I CAN SEE AGAIN... AND ACT. SPROCER, NIPS!

YIII... MY FOOT'S STUCK AGAIN! I'M GETTIN' DIZZY!
KEEP IT UP, BUTCH. YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE GROOVE.


LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN CHARGE OF ZATARA'S CAPTIVES...
YIII... TOIN THAT RECORD OFF! IT REMINDS ME OF ZATARA!
♪ THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC... ♪♫
AND HOW! SLICK, IF I EVER GET OUTTA DIS PLACE AGAIN... I'M GONNA RAISE CHICKENS FOR A LIVIN'!

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MISSING PAGE

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